The Nation

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Summary of the News

The threatened revolt—or perhaps stampede would be the more appropriate word—of Democrats in the House last week overshadowed all other events. Perplexed by the unfortunate last paragraph of Mr. Lansing's *modus vivendi* note and the Administration's apparent *volte face* immediately afterwards in replying to the German announcement regarding armed merchantmen, assisted doubtless by promptings from the followers of Mr. Bryan and from Congressmen glancing over their shoulders at German constituencies, Democratic members of the House by Wednesday of last week displayed every symptom of mob panic. Notice was virtually served on the President that unless he consented to issue a warning to American citizens to avoid travelling on armed merchantmen, a resolution to that effect would be introduced in the House and passed by an ample majority. In the Senate also was a considerable sentiment, shared by Senator Stone, in favor of such a warning, but not sufficient to carry a resolution in face of the President's opposition.

The crisis was averted by the publication on February 24 of correspondence exchanged between Senator Stone and the President, in which Mr. Wilson made clear his determination to stand firm on the principles of international law in the treatment of armed merchantmen, and his conviction that the country should be prepared, if the worst came, to go to any lengths in support of the rights of American citizens to travel on the high seas without incurring danger of assassination. On the following day the President reiterated his determination to a delegation from the House consisting of Speaker Clark, Mr. Kitchin, and Mr. Flood. The result of the conference and of the letter to Senator Stone was that the revolt was checked, a consummation which, according to some Washington correspondents, was not unassisted by a telegram from Mr. Bryan, addressed to Representative Bailey, urging Congressional legislation to deny passports to American citizens travelling on belligerent vessels.

Meanwhile the operation of the new German order to submarines, which was to go into force yesterday, is awaited with somewhat less anxiety than was the case a week ago. The situation, so far as timid Democrats were concerned, was eased by press reports at the end of last week stating that Germany might postpone action on the new policy until April 1, and that in any event there was likelihood of an exchange of notes regarding what constitutes a legal armament for defence. On the first point reports have apparently been falsified, and no postponement is contemplated. Whether the present situation is destined to afford occasion for prolonged discussion in the manner of the Lusitania controversy remains to be seen. Indications, as we write, are that no serious crisis is likely to arise out of the enforcement of the new order, but much depends on the interpretation of assurances given to Mr. Lansing by the German Ambassador on Monday.

According to Washington dispatches of that date, Count Bernstorff stated that "no enemy merchantman is to be torpedoed without warning unless the presence of armament on board such vessel is proved." The "proof" required is interpreted by Washington correspondents as actual resistance to capture, which would bring the new policy under conditions agreed to by Germany in her settlement of the Arabic and her proposed settlement of the Lusitania case. The pledges made in those cases, the German Government has announced, will be observed, but it is understood to take the position that the pledges in question were not to be regarded as applying to armed merchantmen. Unless, therefore, some unexpected incident should occur, it seems unlikely that there will be any further development in the situation until the arrival at the State Department of the various appendices transmitted by the German Government through Ambassador Gerard, which profess to give proof of offensive action by British merchant ships against submarines. Assurances identical with those of Count Bernstorff were furnished by the Austrian *chargé d'affaires*.

The furious battle around Verdun, which commenced early last week, and is still in progress as we write, in concentrated intensity has eclipsed any other of the war. More extended comment on this terrific drive, the initial velocity of which has carried the Germans forward some four miles along a front of twenty miles, will be found in our editorial columns. By Tuesday it appeared probable, from a comparison of official reports, that the first onrush had been checked, and that the French had the situation in hand. The Russian pursuit of the Turkish forces defeated at Erzerum has continued steadily. The results of the operations at Erzerum were reviewed in an official statement of February 26. On other fronts there is little to record except the evacuation of Durazzo by the Italians, which occurred at the end of last week. A semi-official statement on the movement, published on Monday, declares that the occupation had been, by design, only temporary, to safeguard the retreat of the Servians, Montenegrins, and Albanians. The Italian troops were transported by sea to Avlona, which is said to have been rendered impregnable.

The sinking, presumably by mines, of ten or a dozen ships in the last few days is regarded by the British press as evidence that, by some means, probably by the use of neutral vessels, new mine fields have been sown by the Germans in the North Sea and the English Channel. The most serious disaster was that which occurred on Sunday to the P. and O. liner Maloja, which struck a mine and sank within half an hour two miles off Dover. An official statement issued by the owners of the line on Monday gave the number of missing as 155, which included forty-nine passengers. The only American known to have been on board was saved. On Tuesday official announcement was made by the French Minister of Marine of the sinking last Saturday in the Mediterranean of the auxiliary cruiser La Provence. The survivors, it is estimated, number 870.

Further activity of German commerce raiders was revealed when news came from the Canary Islands on February 23 of the arrival there, with a German prize crew and under the German flag, of the British steamer Westburn. After landing prisoners, the German commander took the ship outside the harbor and sank her.

Dispatches from Washington of February 25 stated that the Austrian reply to the American inquiry in regard to the attack on the Petrolite had been received by the State Department. No official statement of the nature of the reply was given out, but press dispatches declared it to be unsatisfactory, the Austrian Government advancing the explanation that the submarine commander fired on the Petrolite because he thought it was about to attack him, and because he supposed that the American flag was displayed as a ruse.

On Monday the Senate ratified without division or amendment the convention establishing a financial and police protectorate by the United States over the Republic of Haiti. The full text of the convention was published in the New York *Times* of Tuesday.

We refer editorially to Mr. Asquith's speech in the House of Commons on February 23, when he reiterated his statement, made on November 9, 1914, of the only terms of peace which Great Britain would consider.

New measures of taxation, including taxes on the war profits of individuals and corporations, as well as indirect levies, were announced by the German Government on February 25. Comment on the new proposals by the German press has been reserved, but on the whole disapproving.

Dispatches from London of February 25 quoted, as evidence of the growth of discontent in Germany, extracts from a speech in the Prussian Diet made by Socialist Deputy Hofer, in which the Government's policy in the distribution of food and the alleged preferential treatment of the agrarian junker class were strongly criticised, the speaker urging that "if foods get any dearer the workingmen will be compelled by the impulse of self-preservation to go on strike."

M. Sazonoff, the Russian Foreign Minister, in the course of a review of the war in the Duma on February 22, declared that he expected the entrance of Rumania into the war on the side of the Allies "when the hour strikes." An interesting dispatch from Bucharest by the Associated Press, dated February 19, but delayed in transit by Berlin and London, and printed in Monday's papers, after reviewing the entire situation so far as Rumania is concerned, expresses the strong conviction that there will be no departure from the present attitude of neutrality.

A serious wreck, in which nine people were killed and many injured, occurred on the New Haven system on February 22, when three trains collided.

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The Week

President Wilson's letter to Senator Stone was, in effect, a message to Congress, a taking of the whole country into his confidence. Its appearance was well-timed and its statement of his position conclusive. That it will squelch the "revolution" in Congress cannot be doubted. If there has been justified uneasiness, and even apprehension, on the part of men like Representative Kitchin, because they did not know what the President's attitude was, all this has now been dissipated. Mr. Wilson's clear phrasing of the issue of American rights, together with his strong assurance that he hopes to secure their recognition and maintenance by peaceful negotiation, will make it impossible to assail him successfully in Congress. It is peace which the President puts in the forefront of his letter. He has striven for weary months to keep the United States out of the war, and wishes his countrymen to know that he is still laboring for that end, at the same time that he is asserting the dignity of the nation and the inviolability of international law.

When Speaker Clark and Representatives Kitchin and Flood told the President, at their conference with him on Friday, that the resolution warning Americans off merchantmen armed for defence would be carried by a vote of two to one if it could be got before the House, they were doubtless speaking in entire good faith. But the statement belongs to the same class as those familiar declarations, about the middle of a Presidential campaign, that if the election were to be held to-morrow, this party or that would beat the other out of sight. The election is not held "to-morrow," and by the time it is held everybody is in a wholly different humor. The only vote the President need worry about is a vote that will actually be taken; and that vote will be determined not by the mood of a moment, but by the feeling that shall have taken possession of Congressmen when time has been given for a full realization of the significance of their action and of the manifold consequences attaching to it.

The necessity for continued firmness at the White House and the State Department is emphasized by the reports concerning the character of the Austrian reply to our note in reference to the attack upon the Petrolite. Once more, apparently, the commander of a submarine presents a different set of facts —and suppositions—from those presented by the captain and crew of the vessel attacked. And once more, it is hinted, such a presentation is to be followed by the delivery of a strong note, reaffirming our position. Certainly, this is the only course which we can pursue with dignity, to say nothing of safety. There may be doubt over what we should say in any particular emergency; but when that doubt has been resolved, when long and careful consideration has resulted in the dispatch of a formal note embodying our demands and setting forth the undisputed principles of international law applying to the case, there should be no more thought of indefinite discussion, of debate over what a submarine commander thought or imagined, than there should be over whether we proposed to take notice of the violation at all. Initial deliberation must be followed by unyielding firmness in the position which logic compels us to assume.

An assertion of pro-Ally sympathy which it will be peculiarly difficult to ascribe to the influence of either "British lies" or "British gold" is that contained in the address of Dr. Henry Harbaugh Apple, President of Franklin and Marshall College, at the dinner of its alumni in New York on Saturday night. He spoke of the history, the tradition, and the spirit of that element of our population which was contributed by Germany in early colonial days, whose descendants still go by the name of Pennsylvania Dutch and retain a distinctive character. No more genuine and substantial statement of American loyalty and patriotism has been made in these days than is contained in the words of President Apple, speaking not simply for himself, but for the sturdy farmers and villagers of German descent who constitute the chief population of the district of which Lancaster is the centre. He harked back to the part played by the ancestors of these farmers in provisioning Washington's army in the darkest days of the Revolution, and to the undeviating attachment which, in generation after generation, the Pennsylvania Germans have shown for the ideals upon which this country's life is built. Naturally, there is among them no trace of vindictiveness towards Germany, but, said Dr. Apple, "they have the firm conviction that the best future of the world is somehow bound up with the aims and purposes of the Allies." There is much force in that "somehow"; it points to something deeper than reason, though reason can back it up well enough. And what Dr. Apple says of his honest Pennsylvania Dutch neighbors is equally true of nine-tenths of the people of the United States.

Particulars cabled from Berlin regarding the new taxation measures of the German Government show that the Imperial Secretary of the Treasury was a little premature in his statement to the Reichstag, last August, about the Government's decision "against the imposition of war taxes during the period of war." Dr. Helfferich then explained that "we do not desire to increase by taxation the heavy burden which war imposes on our people, so long as it is not absolutely necessary." Of the proposed taxation of war profits, in particular, he stated that "we are of the opinion that the levy of such taxation should not be made until after the conclusion of the war." But the present news from Berlin announces a graduated tax on war-time profits of corporations, ranging from 10 to 30 per cent., and apparently covering the whole period since the war began. Indirect taxes also are imposed, notably on tobacco; and a tax on increased value of property is substituted for the more usual income tax. Imprisonment is the penalty assigned for evasion of this tax. Evidently, therefore, the situation has in some way changed in the past six months. The explanation of a usually "inspired" German newspaper is that the new taxes are designed, not as payment for the costs of war, "which must be left until peace times," but as a provision for the new interest charges. But this is only an arbitrary distinction; the change in policy remains. The reason for the change must as yet remain a matter of conjecture. Probably the Imperial Government felt that it could not afford to subject itself to the inevitable comparison with England, whose new and drastic taxation measures will, according to a London cable, have added $750,000,000 to the revenue of the current fiscal year, as compared with the last year of peace. This supposition is the more probable in that Dr. Helfferich last August showed himself to have misjudged completely the English Government's purposes. Germany, he then declared, "does not stand alone in hoping to balance our extraordinary budget without recourse to new taxation. Force of circumstances has compelled England to do the same." Even the proposal to increase the English income tax had, he explained, already "faded into silence." It was a month later that Chancellor McKenna laid his extraordinary budget before Parliament.

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Sir Rider Haggard's trip around the world on a mission for the Royal Colonial Institute is roughly described as "to investigate the chances for empire building after the war." In this the Dominions will see English recognition of a problem upon which they have commented for some time. The Boer War was followed by a heavy emigration from the United Kingdom, rising from 140,000 in 1898 to 259,000 in 1903, and increasing steadily to 400,000 in 1907. Some parts of the Empire were unprepared to absorb the newcomers properly. Indignation was roused when the ports of Cape Colony and Natal were closed to all men not possessed of a considerable sum of money. In case there should be another such exodus from England, it is a matter of interest to the Empire that the population should not be "lost" to the United States or Argentina. Australia, South Africa, Canada, will need men not only for economic development, but to increase their forces. The work of settling disbanded soldiers on the land, in particular, will demand careful study. And in spite of Sir Rider Haggard's remark that the Dominions would be fonder of "sticking to Anglo-Saxons than before," they will doubtless be eager to gain settlers from other European countries.

Mr. Bryan's *Commoner* is filled with attacks upon President Wilson. Most of them are over his signature. Some are veiled, some are open; but the intent of all is unmistakable. Yet Mr. Bryan starts out with the headline: "The Duty of a Friend." He professes himself to be a warm friend of Mr. Wilson. But this is simply nauseating. Let Mr. Bryan come out in manly fashion as an avowed antagonist of the President, and at least he can be respected as a man sincere and straight; but this hypocritical pretence of friendship merely disgusts. Mr. Bryan is fond of the Bible. He must wish to set everybody reading the following passage:

> And Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health, my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him. But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand; so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib.

Does Mr. Bryan desire that people write his name William *Joab* Bryan?

As if the President were not fortunate enough in having Bryan increasingly hostile, George Fred Williams must fire one of his characteristically destructive broadsides. The great peril before the Democratic party, the Massachusetts seer points out, is the renomination of Woodrow Wilson. So high a set of authorities as the Democratic Congressmen know in their hearts that he cannot be reëlected. Duty to the party would seem to require that the President be informed of this conviction before too many delegates are chosen for the Convention. But here is a great difficulty. "How," they are asking one another, according to Mr. Williams, "can we reach him to show him this?" Inasmuch as the showing of things has up to this time been by rather than to Mr. Wilson, the question is indeed puzzling, resembling the one which so agitated the mice which had discovered a sure way of avoiding the cat. The panic-stricken Congressmen might recall that Wilson is not the first President whose defeat was certain a few months prior to the election. In 1864, Lincoln needed no frightened followers to shake him out of any sanguine expectations of succeeding himself. Yet November told a different story. Mr. Williams could enhance the value of his diagnosis by suggesting a remedy. If not Wilson, who? Mr. Williams's peerless three-times leader? Mr. Williams is not deterred in his criticisms of the President by the fact that he took office under him. That obligation was wiped out by such indiscretions on his part as Minister to Greece that he had to be removed.

Admiral Badger said that a fleet capable of dominating the Pacific Ocean was the only sure protection for the Pacific Coast, and that the earth slides in the Panama Canal had made impossible for the present and perhaps for another year the use of the fleet in either ocean.

Let it be admitted that morals may go hang if it is a question of public utility. When Mr. Roosevelt "took" the Canal, it was because the wrong done to Colombia was a minor affair when compared with the necessity of opening a short route for our fleet between the Atlantic and the Pacific. But at least the Law of Necessity must be effective to be justified. To-day the Colonel can dismiss Colombia's claims and point with pride—to what? To a Canal which may be blocked for a year, which may be closed by slides at any time, which cannot be taken into account in formulating our naval preparations, and therefore necessitates a separate fleet for the Atlantic and the Pacific. That, perhaps, is the reason why the Colonel wants forty-eight Dreadnoughts; some for the Atlantic, some for the Pacific, and some for the Panama Canal in case the slides come down after our ships have gone in and before they can come out.

Senator Burton ceases to stand uncertainly upon the bank of the Republican Rubicon, and boldly plunges in. At the same moment, there is a splash from another point, and the frame of Albert B. Cummins is seen battling with the billow. No turning back now. Under the law, they are "official" candidates. Since nothing less than an affidavit will convince the public that he desires to be President, the Senator from Iowa screws up his courage to take a mighty oath to that effect. The days of toying with the nomination are over. Receptive candidates will have to live somewhere else than in Ohio or Iowa or several other States. In them, you are either a candidate or not a candidate. There can be no more quiet corralling of delegates in this district and that, all secretly pledged to a man who, up to the last moment, manages to look surprised and to express indifference at the reports of what is happening. From the hour when Ohio's and Iowa's favorite sons avowed the relationship, they went forth wearing the nomination tag. Any fears that assail them hereafter, they must stoutly repress. They have been "mentioned" for the Presidency in a way that they cannot treat lightly.

The candidacy for Vice-President of ex-Attorney-General Monnett of Ohio introduces a somewhat fantastic element into the primaries. He is to run, according to the dispatches, upon his record as an anti-Wilson Democrat. He is associate counsel for the notorious Labor's National Peace Council, and has been active in the propaganda against exportation of munitions of war. The President's foreign policy is, then, to be tested by this opposition to the candidacy of Vice-President Marshall for renomination. But is not the President to run for renomination at these same primaries? Of course. It was the Ohio law that forced the declaration of his position which otherwise he would have tried to avoid. Those who wish to endorse Mr. Monnett and his policies have two courses open to them. They may cast no vote for President, or they may vote for Wilson. It would be hard to choose between these two courses for futility. Abstention from voting for Wilson by considerable numbers of Ohio Democrats would indicate dissatisfaction with him, but, as he has no opponent in the primaries, would have no effect upon the selection of delegates. The real effect of a large vote for Monnett and a small vote for Wilson would be to encourage not the anti-Wilson Democrats, but the Republicans.

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Any remaining doubt as to the holiness of our mission in the Philippines has been swept away by a speech by Senator Lippitt, now circulated as part of the *Congressional Record*. First he read a passage from "Taylor's Report upon the Philippine Insurrection":

> An early contemporary writer says that when it was reported to the King that the Philippines were not rich in gold and pearls, and that their occupation might be a source of expense rather than of profit, he answered, "That is not a matter of moment; I am an instrument of Divine Providence; the main thing is the conversion of the kingdom of Luzon, and God has predestined me for that end, having chosen me as King for that purpose, and, since he has entrusted so glorious a work to me and my crown, I shall hold the island of Luzon, even though by so doing I exhaust my treasury."

The reading provoked a colloquy. One Senator wanted to know who "said that." Senator Lippitt confessing that it was Philip II, the inquirer went on: "If the Senator will permit me, my recollection is that the sort of Christianity that Philip II would carry would not do the Filipinos very much good." But Rhode Island's representative was not daunted. "Acording to our light," it might be that Philip was not all he should have been; nevertheless, "the King of Spain believed in his mission, and would not be hindered in its fulfilment by fear of the consequences. We have elected to take his place in the control of these people." The rôle seems a bit startling, but duty is duty.

Political influence in the schools of Porto Rico is officially, if tacitly, recognized in the Jones bill for a new organic act for the island. It places the authority for the appointment of all teachers in the hands of the Commissioner of Education, thus taking it away from the school boards. They are made up of the supervising principal of the district, ex-officio, and two other members. The principal, however, has no vote, and, in the words of the last report of the Commissioner of Education to the Governor, seldom looks forward to the annual meetings with pleasure, "as he never knows when political favoritism will take precedence over efficiency." In many cases, "applications from teachers without the support of the local machine were not even considered." There is no mystery about getting this support. "Just what prerequisite is necessary before the recommendation of the local machine can be secured is well known in Porto Rico . . . the questions 'Who is she?' 'To what party do her father, brothers, cousins, and other relations belong?' 'Does she come recommended by the party?' take precedence over 'What can she do?'" It is to be hoped that this ranking of "politics" above efficiency will not so astound members of Congress as to leave them in a state of dazed helplessness with reference to action in the matter.

By finding for the theatrical managers in their asserted right to exclude a hostile New York critic from their houses, the Court of Appeals has supplied the business men of the theatre with a weapon which they can use only to their own hurt. In the particular case in question the managers claimed bias on the part of the reviewer. Where this can be absolutely established, public opinion would hardly justify an assault on a legitimate business. But it is safe to say that the public will rarely be convinced that such prejudice exists, and the only impression will be that the managers are afraid to subject their productions to the test of outspoken criticism. On the mere ground of expediency it would seem that a severe critic would be of distinct commercial value to the managers because of the importance of a favorable criticism from such a source when it does come. The public is certainly under no illusion as to the meaning of the undiluted eulogy which makes so splendid a showing when quoted in the advertising columns.

The old question what books one would take to a desert island has turned up for English editors in a new form. Paper is the principal commodity to which the British Government has applied its restrictions on importation. At first this might look like a partisan movement by Mr. Asquith directed against Lord Northcliffe, who consumes more white and pink paper than any other man on earth. But it would appear now that ardent supporters of Mr. Asquith are among the sufferers. The London *Nation* prints a plaintive appeal at the end of its letter columns: "In view of the restricted supply of paper, we urge our correspondents to make their communications as brief as possible." The saving would be double, in note-paper and printer's stock. The only national disadvantage would be in the loss of revenue to the Government from a decreased sale of postage stamps. Among the many economies the people of the warring nations are being called upon to practice there is now the economy of language. However, it is not from an Oxford professor, but from some one at Leipzig or Berlin, that we may get a treatise entitled "The Chastening Influence of War and a Diminishing Wood-Pulp Supply on Literary Style." In the meanwhile, the security societies and the defence leagues in this country can do nothing more useful for preparedness than to work out a table showing how to economize in case we go to war and face a paper famine. What should we sacrifice first, the Comic Supplement or "Revelations of an International Spy," the "novelized" play or the dramatized novel, the publications of the Personal Liberty publicity bureau or the autobiography of Charlie Chaplin, for there is sure to be one very soon? An interesting parlor game might be developed by having people write down on a slip of paper the things they would just as lief not see in print. These slips might then be used in compiling a useful list of subjects that never would be missed. Certain indispensable features would be excluded from competition, like the stock market reports and the batting averages in both leagues.

At Cambridge the novelty of preparedness via the Harvard battalion has worn off; the "due seriousness" of Midyears, with the necessity of devoting time to repair the ravages of that fateful season, oppresses the undergraduate mind, and, altogether, it is not so pleasant as it was to spend two hours in the baseball cage. Yet, if the habit of "cutting" once starts, the regiment is face to face with failure. This shows what a delicate plant preparedness is. The most highly academic courses, not at Harvard only, flourish under the excesses of "cutting" with no sign of dissolution. The first faint beginnings of the same tendency in the battalion are like a death signal. Consequently, we have a mobilization of the incitements to duty, set down in black and white in the *Advocate*. The need of creating some measure of national defence naturally appears among them, but it is not relied upon to do the business. Members of the regiment are reminded that President Lowell and the faculty are not over-confident of the earnestness of the movement. Nothing but regular attendance and "real hard work" at drills can "show" these skeptics. Besides, the reputation of the college, and, by so much, "the public opinion of the value in actual work of the college man," are at stake. It may yet become necessary to point out the possible service the regiment could render in case the library took fire.

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THE GERMANS AND VERDUN.

More than the conquest of a zone between twenty and twenty-five miles long and from three to five miles wide, it is the destruction and capture of one of the key forts of Verdun by the Crown Prince's battalions that has been accepted as the outstanding result of a week's fighting. On the face of things this would be the beginning of the end of Verdun itself. Germany's heavy artillery was apparently repeating the story of the Belgian fortresses, of Maubeuge, of Kovno and Novogeorgievsk. But without a venture into prophecy, it may be pointed out where the situation around Verdun differs from that around the Belgian and Russian strongholds. Liège, Namur, and Kovno were directly exposed to the fire of the German howitzers. The German heavy guns had the range, and the effect of their big shells was a foregone conclusion. Maubeuge and Novogeorgievsk were not merely exposed to the same uninterrupted fire, but were in addition surrounded, the supporting armies having fallen back before the German advance. At Verdun, on the contrary, there are French trench lines before and behind the forts. The Germans are not permitted to establish the range of the forts at their ease, and even if the permanent fortifications should go down, the French front must be broken. That was shown in the case of Fort Douaumont, held by the Germans but encircled by the French. Five days after the fort fell the French were still in front of it. It was different at Kovno, where the capture of the first outer forts was followed within a day by the fall of the fortress itself. At Novogeorgievsk the fortress fell two days after the first of the outer works was taken.

What has happened since the German attack began is about as follows: At that time the German line constituted the base of a triangle of which Verdun is the apex. One side of the triangle, running north, is the River Meuse. The other side is the national road running east from Verdun through Etain to Metz. At Consenvoye, on the Meuse, and before Etain on the national road, the Germans were about nine miles from Verdun. Now they are nearer by three or four miles to Verdun in both directions, having moved down to Champneuville on the Meuse and pushed west to Eix on the Etain road. The arc joining these two radii from Verdun is exactly the front on which the armies stand, and there the heaviest fighting is taking place. But south of the Etain road the German successes have had their effect. For "strategic" purposes the French have withdrawn a distance of four miles until they now stand in front of the road running southeast from Eix to Fresnes-en-Woevre. If we measure from the latter place northwest to Consenvoye at the other end of the line of collision, we get a stretch of more than twenty miles. If the Germans are to go no further, they will still have gained more than twice the amount of ground conquered by the French in Champagne last September.

Whatever the news may bring forward, one thing is plain. The attack on Verdun is not an isolated operation. It is part of a great plan for which preparations have been under way during months, and the execution of which was begun nearly a month ago. The successful assaults along the entire line during the first three weeks in February, on the Somme, before Ypres, and in Alsace, were parts of the plan. They were probably intended as diversions, while the blow against Verdun was being launched, or it is just possible that Verdun itself may be a feint on an enormous scale. It is conceivable that the grave situation around Verdun might induce the Allies to thin their lines in Champagne or in Flanders, and so open the way for a thrust towards Châlons or towards Calais. It is evident that the Germans for the moment suffer from no lack of men. This may be the last stroke before the much-discussed "exhaustion" of German resources in men sets in, but there are plainly enough men on hand for the present task. On Saturday the Germans were attacking along a front of a mile and a half in Alsace, and on Sunday they took French trenches in Champagne. One of the lessons of the war stands confirmed. If the trench deadlock is to be broken, the attempt must be made on a very wide front. That is what the German armies are doing to-day.

It may be premature to speak of the fall of Verdun. It is certainly premature to speak of a renewed advance on Paris. Before that becomes a probability it is not enough that Verdun should fall, but the French south of Verdun must be thrown across the Meuse River in confusion, and the French west of the Meuse between Verdun and the Argonne must likewise give way and permit a renewal of the attempt made by the Crown Prince in the first five weeks of the war. Revenge for the battle of the Marne may be the German purpose, but in all likelihood the Kaiser's generals would be content if Verdun were taken and French Lorraine overrun to within striking distance of Toul and Nancy. It would be an enormous gain, measured by the standard of progress on the western line, and the moral effect both at home and among the Allies would be of first importance. Yet even stopping short of that result, the Germans might be satisfied with the gains they have already made. In prisoners they have probably equalled the French record of last September; in ground won they have far surpassed the French record. While the battle is still at its height the one thing to remember is that here we have an undertaking as ambitious, proportionally, as the great Teutonic assault on Russia last spring. But it is also well to remember that in this attempt the Germans are confronted with resources and generalship of a kind they did not have to reckon with in the east.

ENGLAND'S BLOCKADE DIFFICULTIES.

The British Cabinet now has a Blockade Minister. His lot will not be a happy one. He will have to meet at home the attacks of furibund naval men like Admiral Beresford, who would damn the "amateurs" in the Foreign Office and hang neutral rights at the yard arm. Abroad he will have to answer as best he can the protests of neutral Governments on account of undue interference with their trade. The new position is filled by Lord Robert Cecil, who has been, since the formation of the Coalition Government, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Like his father, Lord Robert has great debating talent, and can distinguish between the north and northwest side of a hair as well as the next man. He will need all his skill to enable him to discharge with anything like success the arduous duties now laid on him.

This appointment of a special Blockade Minister, coming at the end of a long series of special measures to make effective against German trade and shipping the power of the British navy, is eminently characteristic of the English way of doing things. John Bull is no doctrinaire. He prefers the rule of thumb to any sweeping principle, and would rather feel his way than announce a rule of conduct and then stick to it rigidly. This tentative method, this slow trying of experiment after experiment, has marked the attitude of the British Government in the whole matter of the so-called blockade of Germany. One set of Orders in Council has been modified or repealed by another set.

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The first list of contraband goods was soon replaced by a second. Conditional contraband has been defined and re-defined—with the inevitable result of bringing the whole question into a greater fog than already surrounded it, as Professor John Bassett Moore has shown, before the war. But the thing to note is that in the whole confused and vexing process the British Government has been working itself gradually into a position where it can, as it thinks, both satisfy the reasonable demands of neutrals and exert the desired pressure upon Germany.

A general view of the present intentions and practice of the Government, in the matter of the blockade, was admirably set forth by Sir Edward Grey in his recent speech in the House of Commons. It contained no hard-and-fast doctrines. It laid down no broad generalizations. It merely stated in a patient and detailed way the steps which the Government had taken, one after the other, to do its best to satisfy neutrals at the same time that it fastened the grip of the navy upon the throat of German commerce. The whole was typically English. So was its reception by the House. "Oh, well," the members seemed to say, "if that's what the Government is doing, just trying on one thing after another, as the needs of the day may demand, we have no reason to complain." The war has not changed the British character.

Undoubtedly, the new Blockade Minister will adhere to the general policy marked out by Sir Edward Grey. There will be no yielding to Admiral Beresford's demand that there be a stringent blockade of Dutch and Danish and Swedish ports. The Foreign Secretary put the matter succinctly, and in a way to correspond to American contentions. "You cannot," he said, "establish effective lines of blockade, and say that no ships at all shall go through them. In that way you will stop all traffic of any kind to the neutral ports inside. That is not consistent with the rights of neutrals." But Sir Edward Grey made it clear, at the same time, that England would proceed, under the law of contraband and of continuous voyage, to do all she could to prevent Germany from drawing overseas supplies through neutral countries. The Government stands ready to work out arrangements by which bona-fide shipments to neutral ports shall be permitted to go forward freely. A plan of the kind has long been in force with Holland. According to recent news, a scheme probably satisfactory to Sweden has now been hit upon. Great Britain, as both Sir Edward Grey and the Lord Chancellor have distinctly said, is anxious to come to terms reasonably in every dispute with neutrals. She will pay for what she takes. She will pay for needless delays of foreign cargoes. She will seek to deal with every case on its merits. But she will stick to her purpose of holding up goods of which the ultimate destination is Germany.

Such a programme will not, of course, satisfy those who insist upon clear-cut declarations from the English Government. But a certain haziness in the matter of blockades cannot be objected to by the United States without inconsistency. Our Government announced a blockade on April 19, 1861. The English Minister asked Secretary Seward what was the extent of the coast blockade. Seward replied that it was the whole coast from Chesapeake Bay to the mouth of the Rio Grande. Lord Lyons asked if the United States had a sufficient naval force to make effective a blockade of 3,000 miles. Seward maintained that the whole would be blockaded effectively. Now, what ships had the American navy in commission at that time? The number is given as follows:

Two sailing frigates, one at home and available.
Eleven sailing sloops, three at home.
Three sailing storeships, two at home.
One screw frigate returning from Japan. She arrived April 24, and took her place with the squadron May 11.
Five screw sloops (first class), one at home.
Three paddle steamers, one at home.
Eight screw sloops (second class), one at home.
Five screw steamers, three at home.

It surely looks as if the greatest blockade in history began with a certain amount of American bluffing.

CALLING FOR THE TERMS OF PEACE.

What is there wanting in clearness and directness in that? I ask Mr. Trevelyan and the German Chancellor how I can make it fuller and more intelligible. How can I do more to convince him and all our enemies "that not until a peace based upon those foundations is within sight of attainment—not until then shall we or any of our allies abate by one jot our prosecution of this war"?

When Mr. Asquith closed his stirring speech in the House of Commons on Tuesday night of last week with these words, he knew quite well what was "wanting in clearness and directness" in his statement, and how it could be made "fuller and more intelligible." But he knew even better that it was utterly out of the question to supply what was missing. For the purpose that Mr. Trevelyan, or Mr. Snowden, had in mind, much was obviously lacking. Nevertheless, the Premier's question was more than a rhetorical one; his challenge to "Mr. Trevelyan and the German Chancellor" more than a bit of oratory. The question and the challenge were directed to an end wholly different from that sought by Treveylan and Snowden, an end clearly avowed in the final sentence. However great may be any one's desire to know what would be the specific terms of an acceptable peace, the desire must remain unsatisfied if its fulfilment means the sacrifice of something infinitely more vital; and it is to a thing infinitely more vital that the Premier refers when he declares that what he has said is as full, as intelligible, as clear, as direct, as language can make it. His purpose is simply and solely to convince the Teutonic alliance that England and her allies have not abated a jot of their purpose as declared by him on November 9, 1914, or of their resolution to attain that purpose. And he knows that to maintain that conviction, in the present situation of affairs, it is absolutely necessary to refrain from going into particulars.

In the existing military situation, it is perfectly clear that the very least that Germany could possibly consent to consider is a restoration of the *status quo* in Europe; and even that would mean an acknowledgment that all of her imposing successes in three great theatres of warfare were mere temporary gains, which the future course of the war was bound to wrest from her. Now it is conceivable that, in their hearts, England and her allies expect no more than this; that the utmost they hope to achieve when they have finally brought their superior resources and staying-power to bear effectively is to bring Germany to consent to a return to the rôle she played before the gigantic conflict was precipitated. But even if this were so, a declaration to that effect at this time would infallibly be taken by Germany to mean that what her enemies really look for is something far less; that they despair of bringing her to these terms by force of arms. She has her grip on Belgium, and a rich section of France, and Poland, and Servia, and a considerable region in Russia. Her own territory is inviolate. Her lines are nowhere broken. If she were now told that her enemies are fighting simply to make her relinquish all this, is any one so fatuous as to imagine that she would regard this upper limit of their aspiration as also its lower limit? Would she not be sure to conclude that vastly less than this maximum would suffice the Allies—that in reality they knew the game was lost, and

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were ready to bargain as to the penalty they must pay?

Even if it were true, then, that the Allies are willing to settle on the basis of the *status quo ante bellum*, it is out of the question for them to make the avowal at this time. But it was precisely the object of Mr. Asquith's declaration emphatically to reject any such supposition. It is for this reason that he declares that Belgium and Servia must "recover in full measure all and more than they have sacrificed," that France must be "adequately secured against aggression," and that "the military domination of Prussia" must be "wholly and finally destroyed." How much "more" Belgium and Servia must recover than they have sacrificed, what constitutes for France "adequate" security against aggression, what is meant by "the military domination of Prussia," and by what measures that domination is to be "destroyed"—all these things are left conveniently vague; but does any rational human being believe that the prospect of peace would be advanced by making them more definite? As it stands, Mr. Asquith's declaration means simply that England and her allies are not fighting for stalemate, and will be content with nothing less than victory; and until victory is far nearer to achievement than it is to-day, it would not only be useless, but in the highest degree mischievous, to say more.

To some extent, indeed, the demand for definition is based on the belief that a real victory over Germany is impossible. Mr. Snowden had said that few men who took an intelligent and dispassionate view of the situation would say that there was any reasonable ground for hope of a decisive and crushing military victory for either contending party. But there may be decisive victory in the war without "a decisive and crushing military victory." Men's minds are apt to be fixed upon military victory, or upon exhaustion, or upon the psychological factor in the case that turns on the state of public feeling in the nation concerned. But the possibility of a decisive defeat for Germany is to be measured not by any one of these factors, but by a combination of all three. Economic exhaustion alone will not break down the spirit of Germany, nor will this in conjunction with the fearful sacrifice of life, so long as her military prowess is in the ascendant. Yet if the time shall come when stalemate is the most that she can hope for in the field, it will require no "decisive and crushing military victory" to bring to a head the accumulating pressure of material distress and of heart-breaking human sacrifice; an unmistakable turn of the tide in the field will suffice to make plain the hopelessness of further struggle, the certainty that its prolongation can mean only deeper disaster with no compensation for the added sacrifice. Towards such a situation England and her allies are looking; and when the signs of its approach are clearly visible they may be in a position to propose terms based upon its recognition. All this may prove to be a false hope; but so long as it is entertained it is impossible—unless Germany herself makes advances—for the Allies to come forward with any other formula than that laid down by the British Premier; a formula which has precisely the accent of Gen. Grant's stubborn pronouncement, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

SOME INDIRECTIONS OF DIRECT GOVERNMENT.

At this distance from the remarkable system of levers and pulleys that parts of the West know, with easy familiarity, as the I., R., and R., the benighted East ordinarily catches only stray glimpses of the human element in the mechanism. The impression conveyed—not to say encouraged—by native accounts of it is of a magical machine, a slot at one end and a discharging box at the other, the whole being incapable of manipulation, as exempt from interference by interested persons as it is incapable of sharing their emotions. One is a bit shocked, therefore, to pick up a book on "The Operation of the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall in Oregon," written by the professor of political science in the University of Oregon, James D. Barnett, in which one is taken behind the machine and bid behold what it ought not to be lawful to utter regarding so sacred an institution as direct government. "At times," he tells us, "the real authors of initiative and referendum measures find it to their interest to conceal their identity from the public." If this happened in New York, we should know what to call it, but there can, by hypothesis, be no such thing as "invisible government" in the pure air of Oregon. Professor Barnett, however, gives some uncomfortable details. The person filing the petition against the Workmen's Compensation act of 1913 declared that he did not know who was behind the movement. The owners of a certain road "initiated" a bill for its purchase by the State, in connection with which they appeared innocently as "A Committee of Farmers." Best of all, the opponents of the bills carrying appropriations for the State University in 1913 fought under the banner of "The Oregon Higner Institutions Betterment League"!

The single-taxers have been especially ingenious in using words in what, in States unblessed with direct legislation, would be termed misleading ways. Who would not vote for a "home rule" system of taxation? Yet, having voted for it and then discovered that it was meant to pave the way for the single tax, who would not vote against it? This was the devious course which Oregon, lover of directness, pursued in 1910 and 1912. In its defence it may be pleaded that direct government was instituted in Oregon to obtain the adoption of the single tax. The State Government, remarked the Portland *Oregonian* some years ago, "is divided into four departments—the executive, judicial, legislative, and Mr. U'Ren—and it is still an open question which exerts the most power." Now, Mr. U'Ren made an interesting confession at the Single-Tax Conference of 1910:

> I went just as crazy over the single-tax idea as any one else ever did. I knew I wanted single tax, and that was about all I did know. . . . I learned what the initiative and referendum is, and then I saw the way to single tax. So I quit talking single tax, not because I was any the less in favor of it, but because I saw that the first job was to get the initiative and referendum, so that the people, independently of the Legislature, may get what they want rather than take what the Legislature will let them have. . . . All the work we have done for direct legislation has been done with the single tax in view, but we have not talked single tax, because that was not the question before the house.

Apparently, Mr. U'Ren and his followers were so careful about talking single tax that they forgot to speak of it even when it *was* the question before the House.

This evidence that direct government is not a cold and lifeless thing, but warm-blooded, is not limited to the initiative and referendum. The recall also is not without its human element. It appeared in the very first recall election in Oregon. In the petition against him, the Mayor of Junction City was charged with inefficiency, immorality, untruthfulness, and arbitrary exercise of authority. A motive which was "influential at least to some extent" modestly shrank from mention with these others, being nothing more worthy of note than the hostility of certain property-owners who were offended by the action of the Mayor in opening some streets which they had illegally closed. He was recalled. That same year, the Mayor and all five of the Councilmen of Esta-

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cada were recalled. The petition charged them with having managed the city's affairs in an unsatisfactory way, illegally diverted public funds, repudiated the city debt, and so on. The real cause of the recall movement, according to Professor Barnett, "was simply a factional fight waged by two banks and their respective supporters, which had divided the city against itself ever since the second bank was organized, and which ceased only with the merger of the two banks."

Are these manifestations of a certain indirectness in direct government to be deplored? Far from it. If Oregon were able to point to a perfect mechanism, operating without taint of bias, ignorance, or other human quality, we might express admiration, but we should know that there was something wrong. Some ring of philosophers or other unhuman device would have to be sought in explanation of her unique estate. But when we read that a county judge and the two county commissioners were defeated at a recall election, the petition against them recording charges of extravagance—paying $350 for the examination of a bridge without inviting competition, replacing a bridge with a new one instead of making the few repairs necessary, building bridges without asking for competitive bids, contracting for timber at an excessive rate without giving notice that the contract was to be let—before concluding that Oregon has anticipated the millennium, we read on until we find that the leader in this recall movement was a bridge-builder who had failed to obtain any of the contracts in question. We are reassured about Oregon. The I., R., and R. may not be showing up specially well, but a more vital matter is established. All the contrivances for direct government that may be provided cannot keep the people from ruling.

HENRY JAMES.

Formal criticism may accept the two tests by which average opinion identifies Henry James. In subject matter there is his preoccupation with the "European scene." In manner there is that highly involuted style which, oddly enough, will serve his fame among a great many people who would never have heard of Henry James if he had remained faithful to the vigor and simplicity of his earlier manner. If to be parodied is to be famous, Henry James will live through the labors of the newspaper humorists. When one brings the subject and the manner of his work into juxtaposition, an anomaly emerges. Why should Europe have served to encourage a literary style which is anything but European? The great Continental tradition works all for simplicity of expression, no matter how complex or subtle the subject in hand. Take Balzac, to whom James swore an early allegiance, and there is about the sprawling, slip-shod pages of the Comédie Humaine certainly nothing that suggests the excessive fastidiousness of the disciple. Take Tolstoy and Turgenieff and the rest of the great Russians, and never is there a hint of their being concerned with the manner of their delivery, unless, as in the case of Turgenieff, the effort is plainly directed towards the attainment of a maximum clarity. Take the psychologic subtleties of the later Ibsen, and you find that, whatever may be the soul-complexities with which he is concerned, the word-form retains its athletic cleanliness. The logical effect of European influence upon an American writer is shown in what the example of the Russian and Spanish realists did for William Dean Howells, who is destined to form with James one of the dualities in which literature abounds—Goethe and Schiller, Dickens and Thackeray, Balzac and Hugo. A comparison between the beautiful limpidity of Howells and the obscure orchestration of Henry James is inevitable.

The evolution of the characteristic James manner is, therefore, not to be explained by the general fact that he was an international novelist, unless by Europe in his case we mean England. In England, we think at once of a parallel to Henry James in the person of George Meredith. The career of both men was a progress from a simple manner to a highly complex manner. The fresh vigor of "Richard Feverel" is like the strength and color of "A Portrait of a Lady." In the case of Meredith the swing towards the esoteric style was probably the result of his failure to win a popular audience. Since he was destined to write for the few, we can easily imagine Meredith consciously wrapping himself more and more in a mantle which the vulgar could not penetrate and which would at the same time be a distinguishing uniform for the select. In the case of Henry James it may be that the possession of an independent fortune was an inducement to raise himself above the suffrages of the crowd. But it is not unlikely that with him, too, the lack of popular favor encouraged a retirement within himself. In 1882, John Hay wrote to William Dean Howells: "The worst thing in our time about American taste is the way it treats James. I believe he would not be read in America at all if it were not for his European vogue. If he lived in Cambridge, he could write what he likes, but because he finds London more agreeable, he is the prey of all the patriotisms." It must have been patriotism, or some other external factor, that militated against his acceptance in his own country. John Hay was writing only a year after the publication of "A Portrait of a Lady," and certainly there was in that splendid story little of the James style, as we know it to-day, to frighten away the large public.

Once we assume a real indifference to popularity, the later work of James is explained, not only in its growing intricacy of expression, but in its subject matter. It is commonly said that because James had set himself the ideal of telling the story that could not be told, his manner was bound to become what we know it. This may be. But it is also possible that the style in turn reacted upon the subject matter, like the flesh upon the soul. When one is master of a certain kind of tool, the natural inclination is to find material adapted to the tool. At any rate, we find in James the manner expending itself increasingly on an elusive material. When you come to think of it, there is a great deal of crude melodrama in "Hamlet" and a great deal of rough farce in "Tartuffe." James rejected the obvious in plot or emotion. He did not tell a story. He groped, puzzled, tested, hesitated, paused to get his bearings, retreated, and came on again. He did not attack in solid formation, where an easily perceptible mass of men is hurled at an objective plainly in view. It was more like a line of skirmishers thrown forward on a broad front. There may be an object in view, but it is concealed from all but the commander; and often the commander may not be conscious of just what he is driving at. Henry James was always conducting a reconnaissance against the human soul, and he was content with small gains, a bit of trench here, and there the corner of a farmer's courtyard. To the fastidious mind there may be a greater appeal in such minor advances attained largely through individual initiative than in the brutal knocking down of an armored fortress with a couple of twelve-inch shells.

The ultimate test of a great novelist is his creation of character. He may depict men and women out of life like Tolstoy and Balzac and Thackeray, or he may project them out of an exuberant imagination like Dickens, but in either case they must have a shape and life of their own. By this stand-

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ard Henry James does not attain the highest level of his art. To get a vital, rounded figure we must go back more than forty years to the "Portrait of a Lady," just as with Meredith we must go back to the Richard Feverels and the Beauchamps and Harringtons of his early work. Where the subtle artist does produce a recognizable figure, as Meredith did in "The Egoist" or James in "What Maisie Knew," it is through an immense effort in which the reader is called upon to do more than his share. The immediacy, the inevitableness, the flesh and blood of an Anna Karenina or a Silas Lapham are wanting.

Foreign Correspondence

CAMBRIDGE IN TIME OF WAR.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, February 16.

An American visitor, dropped from the skies in an unknown England, would probably, at first at least, feel himself a shade more at home in Cambridge than in Oxford. Oxford might possibly answer a little better to his preconception of what England, as differentiated from America, ought to be; but in Cambridge he would find just that additional touch of geniality, that absence of a somewhat stiff shyness, which might make him draw a relieved breath over the discovery that the English are, after all, simply plain human beings like himself. Just now, perhaps, under the influence of this Aaron's rod of a war that has swallowed up all minor rods, the similarity of the two universities is more evident than their difference. At Cambridge, as at Oxford, the deserted colleges and halls have to mourn the absence with our military and naval forces of at least 80 per cent. of their undergraduates; and here, too, the little remnant consists mainly of the darker races and of the physically unfit. One college, for instance, which had 114 resident members in 1913, has now only nine. Trinity, the largest college in any English university, has sunk from 743 to 71. The advanced class in science of one well-known teacher dwindled from a couple of dozen or so in 1913 to three—a girl, a Chinaman, and a Hindu—in 1915, and of this trio one only now survives. The physically fit element of white men represented in Oxford by the Rhodes scholars is here paralleled by a number of senior men in the celebrated medical school, rapidly making themselves ready for service.

Not less remarkable than the numbers of those who have gone is their infinite variety. Residents of Cambridge were probably astonished by the number of scholars who offered themselves at the very outset of the war, nearly all of them facing an unwelcome service, actuated simply by a strong sense of duty and an equally strong conviction of the righteousness of their cause. Only too much chance has been given for the "brute bullet" to break through "the brain that would think for the rest." The athletes naturally came forward in large numbers. Every man, for instance, in the Rugby football fifteen, and every member of the athletic team that last tried conclusions with Oxford, is serving. These men have been extraordinarily fearless in exposing their lives. More than a hundred "Blues" have appeared in the casualty lists, and the losses of the Rugby footballers have been especially heavy. Over 11,000 Cambridge men in all are now serving their country on land, at sea, or in the air. The casualties (up to last week) amounted to 1,723, including the appalling proportion of 697 killed and 134 missing, as compared with 892 wounded. About 1,000 Cambridge men have been "mentioned in dispatches," or received military decorations. Three have won the Victoria Cross (from Pembroke, Trinity, and Trinity Hall). Perhaps no name on the Cambridge roll of honor has roused so general an interest as that of Rupert Brooke, "dead ere his prime," who "knew himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme"; but he, alas, has many companions, both in promise and performance, who have, in the words of the Greek writer, "lavished their own lives that others may live happily." And a word must be spared for the youngest of all, the boys who were entered at the University, but did not, and now never will, take up their residence, whose shadowy names on the college books will recall no living face to those who were to be their teachers and guides.

For its members serving in the field the University has done all in its power to show its gratitude and to minimize their sacrifice. For those who have completed some part of their residence, measures have been taken to procure an easy passage to a degree, mainly by the allowance of as much as four terms, and by permitting them to count time spent on active service (even in the non-combatant branches) as the equivalent of the special examination in military subjects. As a result of these measures, more than a hundred degrees were, at the last congregation, conferred by proxy on men at the front. Fellows have been elected from men now on active service, including one from an Oxford college. Steps have also been taken to facilitate the future course of those whom the war checked upon the brink of university life.

It goes without saying that the dons and tutors of the University have offered their services as freely as the students, either in the field or in some form of indispensable Government work. I know of one fellow, whose age cannot be far short of three-score, who has yet somehow or other managed to pass the recruiting sergeant; and he is but an extreme case of a general rule. Owing to the financial losses of the University and colleges, many dons have had, for the time being, to accept positions as schoolmasters throughout the country; but at least one University dignitary regards this as perhaps a blessing in disguise, hoping that the temporary exiles will return healthily oxygenated by their excursion into a more open air.

It was a matter of course that Cambridge should place its great scientific school at the disposal of the Government; and it would not be easy to exaggerate the importance of the war-work done here. It is not desirable to say too much on this subject, but one instance may be given. It was a Cambridge man, who had for years been researching on respiration, who was the first to relieve the horrors of those suffering from poisonous gas, and to assure them that (in most cases) the effects would pass off. They had at first been led by the authorities to believe that the gas was inevitably fatal. Cambridge also makes the boast that, but for a certain piece of research carried on recently in her laboratories, the country would be deprived at this moment of four-fifths of its supply of one of the most vital munitions of war. A devotion to pure science on the part of the master of a famous college produced a very useful little book on "The Minor Horrors of the War," dealing "with certain little invertebrata . . . which in times of peace we politely ignore, yet little animals which in times of war may make or unmake an army corps." The same fertile brain has invented two plates, in which the difficulties of a one-armed soldier with spoon and fork are cleverly circumvented.

Cambridge, like Oxford, has its great hospital for wounded soldiers (First Eastern General Hospital); and it is quite in keeping with the scientific reputation of the University that this is run on the special lines of "open-air treatment." The pavilions occupy the sacrosanct cricket grounds of Clare and King's, and contain in all some 1,600 beds. In spite of certain flaws of equipment, the results of the treatment are so astonishingly good that the experiment must be adjudged successful. Even the nurses, while feeling the cold, had to admit they found it difficult to grumble, as they never felt so well in their lives.

At Cambridge, as at Oxford, a little university within the University was established for the benefit of the academic exiles from Belgium. Perhaps 150 young Belgians have profited by this hospitality, the satisfactory students receiving certificates signed by their professors and countersigned and sealed by the vice-chancellor of the University.

Any account of Cambridge in war-time, even the briefest, would be incomplete without some reference to a little group of men who are, on certain points, somewhat out of touch with the great mass of their fellow-countrymen. Roughly, these men may be described as of the school of the Union of Democratic Control, and it may not be invidious to single out Mr. Lowes Dickinson and Mr. Bertrand Russell as more or less their leaders and inspirers. The figures given earlier in this letter seem to show that this influence has been no great deterrent to the undergraduate's desire to take an active share in the war; and if it be true, as rumored, that the members of one at least of the women's colleges at Cambridge are strongly in sympathy with the U. D. C., the importance of this fact can easily be exaggerated. If, too, the Cambridge Union is not quite so "stalwart" as most of us would wish, it must be remembered that it is very unlikely that its present representatives would have received their positions in a normally full University. It is pretty certain that they do not represent the 2,000 or 3,000 undergraduates (actual and potential) now in the field. Perhaps the same conclusions would be true in regard to the undergraduate organ entitled the *Cambridge Magazine;* but a word of commendation must be spared here for its useful weekly compendium of opinions in the foreign press—a selection made with a fair degree of impartiality. Cambridge has always prided itself on its freedom of thought and discussion, and this feature in the Cambridge of to-day is a natural enough outgrowth of tendencies long recognizable in certain colleges. If, however, it be true that a son refused to enter his father's college on the score that no attention was now paid in it to any but Socialists and atheists, it seems to indicate that a good thing has been rather overdone. While feeling bound to mention

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this feature of Cambridge life, I wish to state with all emphasis that I do not consider it important enough to place Cambridge one whit lower than Oxford as a hearth of patriotic devotion and determination. Cambridge, too, is fully justified of her children, and has earned a new and undying title to the admiration and gratitude of the country.

THE OPPOSITION IN FRANCE—SENATOR CLEMENCEAU AND PRESIDENT WILSON.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, February 12.

When a man of devouring activity has passed fifty years of his life opposing other people's politics, he is not likely to be stopped off by war. That is the case of Senator Clemenceau. He is not in the least opposed to carrying on the war to the bitter end; just the contrary. His voice is still for commanders who, as Joan of Arc explained her mission against the English, will "butt" the Germans out of France. But of the measures which Government actually takes to head off the Germans, he is an unsparing critic. Thus he is everlastingly against the expedition to Salonica.

Every one is now convinced that the fortified camp of Salonica gives a military base to the Allies, the importance of which cannot be overestimated. If it had not been taken and organized, it would have to be undertaken now against all odds. When Foreign Minister Delcassé's policy in the Balkans collapsed, it is understood that Prime Minister Briand, who took his place, was responsible for carrying out this expedition. Even the English demurred, sore from the abandonment of their ill-starred expedition of Gallipoli. Not many weeks passed and the whole Quadruple Entente—ships of England and France and Italy and Russia—made a united demonstration to show their union at Salonica. But not Senator Clemenceau.

He urges very properly that the last great tug of war must come on the French frontier. For some days he has been silent; perhaps he feels he is alone in demanding that everything else should meanwhile be neglected. The Paris press has been amusing itself, so far as amusement is possible at such a sorrowful time, in sorting out names for new headship in France. Gustave Hervé separated from one who had been his friend in opposition time out of mind and long ago swung round to Government, all for the love of Salonica. When asked to name his candidate for a semi-dictatorship, he answered: "Any one but Clemenceau!"

The popular confidence in Prime Minister Briand for foreign affairs, in Gen. Galliéni for the War Ministry, and in Gen. Joffre and his associates for active command is likely to prevent any great change in Government for some time. In America, where Government is not at the mercy of a vote of Parliament, such change would seem almost as unlucky in peace as in war. Secretary Bryan slipping his anchor and sailing away to sea on his own account is not at all the same thing. This does not prevent Senator Clemenceau belaboring Government and all its works and pomps over the head of President Wilson in his leading article of February 7, on "American Democracy in Action." His paper, by the way, is a permanent challenge to Government by its very name—L'Homme *enchaîné*—the "Man enchained," as against the "Freeman" which it used to be.

It would be a pity if any one in America should imagine the French Senator is really writing about the American President. His great objection to the French Government which he opposes is that it is made up of lawyers. He has not been mollified by Gen. Galliéni being put in the Ministry of War to replace the lawyer Millerand. For that matter, Senator Clemenceau as a militarist would be like Saul among the prophets. He leads off by saying that "President Wilson is one of our most distinguished *paperassiers* ["paper blotters"], excelling in making discussion evaporate into lawyers' fog." This is to suit his own purpose, for the French press attributes usually our Administration's "legality" to Secretary Lansing.

Senator Clemenceau could not let pass the opportunity of a backhanded stroke at another of his pet animosities. After all, he says, President Wilson is superior to Pope Benedict XV, who "sees the world on fire and suspects there must be some cause for it, but has not yet been able to understand exactly what it is all about."

As in an apologue where the American President walks through some Slough of Despond, the French Senator attacks his own Government on another side. He maintains that it is doing its best to prevent Parliament from raising its voice properly.

"Mr. Wilson is a man like you and me. His mandate is from below—if I may speak in that way of the *demos* who is not afraid to say that his voice is the voice of God. This mandate he intends to carry out in the double interest of his country and of our human civilization. Nothing is worthier of respect. Whatever may have been the reason, the first effect of the people's mandate was not immediate illumination. From his high place, President Wilson did not distinguish very well what was going on in the plain. The Monster had great expectations, and the powers of Liberty in the European continent showed natural displeasure. They alleged that the principles for which they were pouring out their blood were the very same as those which the great American Republic was proud to have made the corner-stone of its own Constitution. Perhaps Mr. Wilson reflected on this. Also, the American people. . . .

"It is a very beautiful sight when, by the normal play of free institutions, a people worthy of self-rule takes for its task the rectifying, by persistent effects of its will, its Government's errors."

Here Senator Clemenceau goes off again hotfooted for his own Government, whose errors—as he thinks them—he himself has not been able to rectify. Whether Americans will be able to recognize in the examples he draws from their attitude towards President Wilson what they have really been doing may be doubted. The French Senator is too wary to put before his readers the fact that our Congress, unlike the French Parliament, does not precisely "control" Government.

"This is the magnificent spectacle which the American people offers us. Mr. Wilson has not the censorship at his disposition and, if he tried to suppress half a line in the least fly-sheet of a newspaper, every stone of the White House would explode in the sky." The French *censure* has worried sufficiently the French Senator, not in Parliament but in his newspaper, to explain the bearing of this. "The idea would never come to President Wilson to let a campaign loose against Parliament. The President's activity keeps its own place—but the solid reins of the official racehorse stay in the hands of Parliament!"

Senator Clemenceau considers that President Wilson is exposed to a double *faux pas*, and indeed the whole American people with him. "The American people finds an interior spring in its very high idea of itself, and is inclined to treat monarchs with a friendly, but very courteous, familiarity." So sturdy a democrat as the French Senator is afraid this may lead the American President to make too many obeisances to the Kaiser. But, for him, the second mistake is the worse.

"When President Wilson yielded to the weakness of posing as an arbiter in the European conflict, I believe all thoughtful minds on both sides of the Atlantic agreed in seeing in such an attitude a plain proof that the excellent statesman understood nothing."

Notes from the Capital

CLAUDE KITCHIN.

Some critics of our national politics regard it as strange that the Democratic floor leader in the House of Representatives should cut loose from the Democratic President at a juncture like this. As a matter of fact, it is more wonderful when two men so absolutely unlike in antecedents, temperament, tastes, mental attitude, and methods are found in the same factional galley. As Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, voted in the Baltimore convention of 1912 as one of the Wilson-first-last-and-all-the-time contingent, we are bound to assume that he was attracted to his candidate by the subtle force which so often draws opposites together. The two men have only one quality in common—facility in self-expression; but even here they differ markedly, for Kitchin's form is the loose, careless, easy-going manner of the near South with which Champ Clark has done so much to familiarize us, while Wilson's is that of the scholar emerging from his cloister to deal for a while with practical problems.

Listening to Kitchin, even when he is worked up to a fine glow in support of a cause, you are impressed with his unwillingness to be hurried. The voice, the oratorical impulse, the slipshod consonants and sprawling vowels of his enunciation, all fit well the appearance of the man, with his broad, large-featured face, his mobile mouth, and his stocky neck, not to mention his black suit, planter's soft hat, and string tie. And when you hear his sweeping indictment of all the leading American industries for robbing the people, and his demand that one policy shall be promoted or another abandoned because the people wish it so, you are tempted to thrill, at least, in response, until you inquire where he acquired so extensive a knowledge of how the people feel. It is with something like a shock that you discover from his diminutive biography in the Congressional Directory that he hails from a fair-sized village in an old State where, a century and a quarter after its inclusion in the Union, it still takes from eight to fourteen counties to make up a representative unit of 190,000 population, and from a district of which the northern and southern boundaries

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are 110 miles apart. It is a suggestive reflection on our form of democracy to find a man with such an outlook upon the world's affairs heading a serious schism in the party temporarily in control of the Government.

Kitchin has been in Congress now for more than fourteen years. He is said to have gained his first prominence at home by a dashing campaign against a combination of negroes, white Republicans, and third-party men of various names, who had dominated the politics of his part of the State for some years, the numerical preponderance of the negroes thereabout giving them a tremendous leverage in public matters. The revolt, thanks largely to his eloquence and fearlessness of consequences, was successful, though during the last part of it he had a hard time dodging a sheriff's officer who was after him with a writ, trying to arrest him for intimidation of voters. The gravamen of this charge, as local tradition has it, was his visit to a schoolteacher who was suspected of having striven to stir up the negroes to a more vigorous assertion of their political rights. Kitchin, it is said, descended unexpectedly upon the man and, in his best oratorical style, delivered a warning that, if anything should go amiss in the neighborhood as the result of this incendiary conduct, the whites would probably hold the agitator rather than the agitatees responsible; "and," he concluded, "if they get so hot that they forget themselves, they might take you out some night and hang you to a tree."

The admonition sank in effectively; the teacher decided to live no longer in a place where people could be so rude to one another, and promptly removed to parts unknown, and the negroes proved less troublesome to their Democratic neighbors thenceforward. In recognition of what he had done towards upholding Caucasian supremacy, the district lost no time in naming him for Congress. He was truly the popular choice. He made no stumping tour, and seemed almost indifferent to the victory won at the polls.

Coming from a fine peanut country which does not want tariff protection, but does want its appliances for tilling the ground put on the free list, Kitchin steered straight for the Committee on Ways and Means and obtained a place down in the tail of the roll, from which he has risen by degrees through the death, defeat, or translation of the fellow-partisans who outranked him, so that, with Underwood's promotion to the Senate, he became chairman of the Committee, and ex-officio majority leader of the House. Since a schoolmaster had so much to do, indirectly, with shaping his career, he has had a tender spot in his heart for the pedagogic profession; and, between that fact and the yeoman work of Bryan—whom he admires and trusts to an extreme—he became identified with Mr. Wilson's phalanx at Baltimore. Their later relations were due to his seeing the President rather intimately during the latter's radical days. Their present difference as to policy will not be likely to throw any chill upon their personal friendship—at least so far as Kitchin's share is concerned; he took his stand for reasons which, whether right or wrong, liberal or bigoted, were his own and truly conscientious, and he will stand alone if need be, as he did when he fought his first law case against his father as counsel for the other side, and won it.

TATTLER.

Henry Vaughan

By P. E. M.

There are poets who, by virtue of some affinity of spirit with our own, appeal to us with an intimacy that takes our judgment captive; we go to them in secret, so to speak, and love them beyond the warrant of our critical discernment. Such a poet Henry Vaughan has long been to me, and in undertaking to make an essay on his works as they now appear in their new dress,* I am fully aware of the risk inherent in the attempt to give a sort of public validity to what ought to be, in Vaughan's own language, "a sweet privacy in a right soul."

I.

The task would be easier if we knew more of the man himself, and could draw a clear portrait of him from other sources than his meditative verse. Yet if there are few events to record, his career is typical of many who pursued the *fallentis semita vitæ* in that distracted age. He was born of a good Welsh family in the year 1621.† His father was then residing at Newton, not far from Brecon, on the banks of the Usk, the winding murmur of whose waters we shall hear all through the son's poetry. With no presumption he was to link the river's name forever with his own:

When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams,
And my sun sets, where first it sprang in beams,
I'll leave behind me such a large, kind light,
As shall redeem thee from oblivious night.

No idle boast; for only the other day one reader, at least, two hundred and fifty years and more after it was uttered, went a long pilgrimage to see with his own eyes those

Happy banks whence such fair flowers have sprung.

At the age of eleven Henry, with his twin-brother Thomas, was sent to study under Matthew Herbert, Rector of Llangattock, to whose care and wisdom he attributed his "posthumous life," as the "brief and slippery part of himself" he owed to his father. With Herbert the boys resided for six years, and then proceeded together to Jesus College, Oxford. Here, Thomas, if we may turn aside for a moment, remained for ten or twelve years, and took the degree of Master of Arts. He was ordained, and for a while acted as rector of Newton, his birthplace, but was ejected by the Parliamentary Ecclesiastical Commissioners on the stereotyped charges of "drunkenness, swearing, incontinency, and carrying arms for the King." Whether there was the slightest foundation for these accusations, except the last, I do not know; but it is hard to believe that a man of lewd habits could have retained the respect of Henry Vaughan, as Thomas, to judge from Henry's letters and verse, apparently did. At any rate, Thomas became, in the words of Anthony Wood, "a great Chymist, a noted Son of the Fire, an Experimental Philosopher, a zealous Brother of the Rosie-Crucian fraternity, an understander of some of the Oriental Languages, and a tolerable good *English* and *Latin* Poet." He wrote a number of books of magic, with magniloquent titles, from which any one who will labor through them, or part of them, may discover that he was in mind and temper very much like his brother, except that his Platonism ran to looser, madder ends.

After the death of his wife, in 1658, Thomas seems to have sunk into a state compounded of uxorious despair and Rosicrucian ecstasy. We learn from one of the biographical memoranda discovered by Mr. A. E. Waite, that twice he enjoyed "the Secret of extracting the oyle of Halcali," on the day his wife sickened, and again on the day of her death; "soe that," as he says, "on the same dayes, which proved the most sorrowfull to mee, whatever can bee: God was pleased to conferre upon mee ye greatest joy I can ever have in this world, after her death." He himself died in 1666, and was lamented by Henry in some of his most melodious lines:

Here Daphnis sleeps! and while the great watch goes
Of loud and restless Time, takes his repose.
Fame is but noise; all Learning but a thought,
Which one admires, another sets at nought;
Nature mocks both, and Wit still keeps ado;
But Death brings knowledge and assurance, too.*

The Works of Henry Vaughan. Edited by L. C. Martin. New York: The Oxford University Press. 2 volumes.—Besides an accurate text of the verse and prose this edition gives six letters to John Aubrey and Anthony Wood. I have modernized the spelling and punctuation in my quotations from Henry Vaughan.

†In his first letter Vaughan gives the date of his birth as 1621, but as the month is not known and by the old calendar the first three months of 1622 would be reckoned with the preceding year, editors have commonly written the date 1621-2. In the same letter Vaughan states that his twin-brother Thomas died "in the year that the last great plague visited London." Now the plague had pretty well run its course by December of 1665, and the death of Thomas has therefore commonly been put in that year. But in his second letter Henry states that Thomas "died in the seven and fortieth year of his age, upon the 27th of February, in the year 1666." Now, if he is here reckoning Old Style, this date would be in our year 1667, and the statement cannot be made to accord with that in regard to the plague. It is not likely that he should have erred in memory in regard to the date of the plague or the coincidence of this event with his brother's death. We are forced therefore to believe that the date February 27, 1666, is given New Style. But there is still a difficulty. If he was born in 1621 (even including the first three months of that year New Style), he could not have been further than in his forty-sixth year in February of 1666 N. S. But it is easy to err in computations of this sort, and the probability remains that the twins were born early in the year 1621 N. S., and that Thomas died in 1666 N. S.

*Another brother, whose name is unknown, had died some time before 1650, and had called forth from Henry several poems of more poignant grief. See the allusions on pages 416, 420, 426, 478, and 479 of Martin's edition. Compare also the words at the close of Thomas's "Anthroposophia Theomagica: "I would not have thee look here for the paint and trimm of rhetorick, and the rather because English is a language the author was not born to. Besides this piece was composed in haste, and in my dayes of mourning on the sad occurrence of a brother's death. 'And who knoweth how to write amidst a strife of teares and inke?' " It is interesting to know that one of the best masters of English of the age, as Henry Vaughan was in his prose, spoke Welsh as his native language for the greater part of his life.

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II.

I may seem to be forgetting Henry in my zeal for the rhapsodic Eugenius Philalethes, as Thomas called himself, but I suspect that the years they were living together at Newton had something to do with deepening the mystical and religious vein in Henry's mind. If Henry occupied himself with the strange but very earthly drugs known to the physicians of his day, rather than with the oyle of Halcali, he at least followed his brother far enough in the occult path to believe in astrology, though, as he admits in one of his letters, the most serious men of his profession were not only unkind to the art, but even persecuted it. Possibly, if he had studied at Oxford for a decade he too might have lost himself amazed in "the magician's heavenly chaos": but Fate was kinder to him. After "two years or more" at the University he was, in the words of Anthony Wood, "taken thence and designed by his Father for the obtaining of some knowledge in the municipal Laws at *London*."

From his first volume of "Poems" it is clear that in London he was caught by the rollicking, rhyming society of the taverns. He could not quite say, as did Clarendon, that "whilst he was only a student of the law, and stood at gaze, and irresolute what corner of life to take, his chief acquaintances were Ben Jonson, John Selden, Charles Cotton, John Vaughan, Sir Kenelm Digby, Thomas May, and Thomas Carew, and some others of eminent faculties"; at least the master of the choir, then dead for three or four years, he could not have seen, but at the Moon, the Star, and the Globe he must have found himself in a circle where the laws and traditions of the Dictator were still remembered. There is joy in the very title of his "Rhapsodis," which was, he adds, "occasionally written upon a meeting with some of his friends at the Globe Tavern [a part of the famous theatre, Mr. E. K. Chambers thinks], in a chamber painted overhead with a cloudy sky and some few dispersed stars, and on the sides with landscapes, hills, shepherds, and sheep." Nor has any one of the sons of Ben caught the spirit of that unrepentant Bohemia where the sack was diluted only with Hippocrene, better than Vaughan:

Darkness, and stars i' th' mid-day! They invite
Our active fancies to believe it night:
For taverns need no sun, but for a sign,
Where rich tobacco and quick tapers shine;
And royal, witty sack, the poet's soul,
With brighter suns than he doth gild the bowl;
As though the pot and poet did agree,
Sack should to both illuminator be.

The poet of the "Rhapsodis," of the lines "To my Ingenuous Friend, R. W.," and the "Song to Amoret" had in him the making of a true child of Ben. But the jocund Muse held his allegiance too short a time for that. He was summoned to sterner duties, as he says in his letter, by "the sudden eruption of our late civil wars." Whether he himself took any part in the actual fighting is a question which has been much disputed. To me the "Elegy on the Death of R. W." and the lines "Upon a Cloak" (both in "Olor Iscanus") seem to afford incontrovertible evidence that he was engaged in the skirmish at Rowton Heath, near Chester, and in the defence of Beeston Castle, which surrendered a few weeks later. The only objection to these inferences is drawn from two verses (19 and 20) in the biographical "Ad Posteros," written probably in 1647:

Duret ut integritas tamen, et pia gloria, partem
Me nullam in tanta strage fuisse, scias;

but I agree with Mr. Martin's interpretation of the lines as "merely disclaiming connection with the Tysiphonæ of l. 14."

The "Poems" were published in 1646, and the battle of Rowton Heath took place the 24th September, 1645; yet the first piece in the volume is to "R. W.," manifestly the same person as the "R. W." of the elegy, who must have been alive, very much alive, when the manuscript of this volume went out of Vaughan's hands. We may therefore conjecture with some certainty that, after a residence in London of four or five years, Vaughan was summoned, some time well along in 1645, to join the Welsh royalists about Chester, and on his departure left the "copy" for his book with a publisher. After his unhappy experience at Rowton Heath and Beeston Castle he apparently went home to Brecon and the family seat at Newton, where he practiced as a physician for the rest of his life. Where he got his medical education does not appear, but in 1673 he was able to give this account of himself: "My profession also is physic, which I have practiced now for many years with good success (I thank God!) and a repute big enough for a person of greater parts than myself."

III.

At first it is clear that Vaughan felt the return to the valley of his birth as an exile, and tried to create about himself in the "metropolis" of Breconshire something of the witty, careless atmosphere of the London taverns. He puts some of Ovid's laments into English verse, evidently thinking of himself as lost in a "savage Pontic band." He writes eulogies of Fletcher, whom he had not known, of William Cartwright, whom he "did but see," and of Davenant. More significant of his mood are the lines "To his Retired Friend, an Invitation to Brecknock" (the old name of Brecon):

Come then! and while the slow icicle hangs
At the stiff thatch, and Winter's frosty pangs
Benumb the year, blithe—as of old—let us
'Midst noise and war of peace and mirth discuss.
This portion thou wert born for: why should we
Vex at the time's ridiculous misery?
An age that thus hath fool'd itself, and will
—Spite of thy teeth and mine—persist so still.
Let's sit then at this fire, and while we steal
A revel in the town, let others seal,
Purchase or cheat, and who can, let them pay,
Till those black deeds bring on the darksome day.

But there are signs, too, that his mind was already turning to more serious thoughts. In these same days he was making translations from Boethius and Casimirus and from Plutarch's "Moralia." For confirmation, one thinks, of a new taste growing within him, he busies himself with a version of Guevara's fine "Praise and Happiness of the Country Life."

The prose and verse of these first two years of his retirement Vaughan gathered together, with a dedication to Lord Kildare Digby, dated "Newton by Usk, this 17 of Decemb., 1647"; but for some reason he withheld the manuscript from the press. It was, in fact, not published until 1651, and then against his will, probably by his brother, under the title of "Olor Iscanus." Manifestly, a sudden change came upon him after the date of the dedication, leading his mind to revolt from the secular character of these pieces, though they were for the most part innocent enough, even distinctly moral in tone. From that time his mood was purely religious. The first fruits of his conversion were given to the world in the "Silex Scintillans" of 1650. Two years later he published the group of devotional treatises in prose, original and translated, under the general title of "The Mount of Olives," and again, in 1654, a similar group as "Flores Solitudinis." In 1655 he reissued his "Silex Scintillans" with large additions, and with a Preface in which he vehemently repudiates his association with "those ingenious persons which in the late notion are termed Wits," and attributes his conversion to the poet of "The Temple":

The first that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream, was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts (of whom I am the least), and gave the first check to a most flourishing and admired wit of his time.

After this Vaughan came before the public only twice, in 1655 as translator of the "Hermetical Physic" of Henry Nollius, and in 1678 with a collection of poems called "Thalia Rediviva," in which he apparently swept together those of his earlier secular pieces not before printed and a few religious "ejaculations" of his later years. He died in 1695. Of his family life we know that he was twice married, and left several children. From documents discovered by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney it appears that the poet's old age was darkened by the persecution of two of the children by his first wife, but until Miss Guiney has published her long-expected life of Vaughan we will think of him as passing away in peace and hope.

IV.

We have the statement of Vaughan himself that his conversion from the secular to the divine muse was effected by his admiration for Herbert, and the echoes of "The Temple" throughout his works show how deeply he had drunk from that well. But there were other causes moving in his soul. We have seen that his reading had for some

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time been largely philosophical and religious. Among those who most influenced him was Owen Felltham, author of a now forgotten book of meditations, called "Resolves," which combine the manner of Bacon's "Essays," lacking the genius, with a spirit not unlike Herbert's own. As Mr. Martin has pointed out, not only is the prose quotation in the Preface to "Silex Scintillans" ("That he would read no idle books," etc.) taken from Felltham, but whole passages of the versions of Boethius in "Olor Iscanus" are conveyed unblushingly from the same source, besides various lesser borrowings in the religious poems. Perhaps the most notable of these appropriations is the beautiful line in "The Retreat,"

Bright shoots of everlastingness,

which is adapted, with fine change of application, from this sentence in Felltham's reflections on "The Soul": "The conscience, the character of a God stamped in it, and the apprehension of eternity, do all prove it a shoot of everlastingness." One can imagine Vaughan reading Felltham's little essay "Of Poets and Poetry," with its rejection of "the flashes that do follow the cup" for the "sober muse and fasting," and being smitten with compunction for his own irresponsible rhymes. It is a fair conjecture, also, that he was affected by the renewed intercourse with his cloud-walking brother, though fortunately the summary ejection of Thomas prevented that influence, if it was felt at all, from dominating Henry's mind.

Through all these influences, and deeper than any of them, if we judge from his own works, was the growing sense of the evil state of the country and the horrors of irreligion, as these appeared to an ingrained royalist and Anglican. Very soon he sank into a mood in which he could no longer speak of making merry over "the time's ridiculous misery." To understand him, as to understand the other religious poets of the age, we must never forget the dark background of malice, confusion, calumny, and violent change out of which their songs arose. Most of these singers were of the party of Vaughan; they were bound to feel that the victorious iconoclasm of the Puritans was sweeping from them ruthlessly all the comfortable traditions which stayed the inherent restlessness of man's soul, all the symbols which had trained the imagination to take its due share in the act of worship. These things lay heavily upon Vaughan's heart. He was not, in that part of his work which counts, a poet of cheer; neither indeed was Milton on his side, nor any other of those who reflected the turmoil and double defeat of those times.

This dejection we who again look upon a world filled with the alarms of war and the hatred of man for man, and ache for deliverance from "the tedious reign of our calamity"—this darkness of spirit we can comprehend; and I confess that, much as I have always loved Vaughan, the pathos of his cry for civil peace touches me now in a peculiar manner. But there was another source of darkness in Vaughan's mind for which we, with our modern training, are not so ready to feel sympathy—I mean the shade of life itself, the sorrow and discontent that are caused by no accidental evils of an age but are inherent in the very conditions of mortal existence. In these latter years we have been caught in a kind of conspiracy of silence on this matter, until, as it sometimes seems, we have become cowards to the truth. Our modern books are filled with complaints against society and government as these are organized, and against the failure of institutions and the inadequacy of traditional beliefs, but it is really astonishing how seldom any writer dares to touch on the imperfections and cruelties that always have been, and must always be, the law of life; to speak with any frankness of these bitter facts is frowned upon as disloyal to the popular dogma of progress and perfectibility. How then shall we feel ourselves at home with those moralists who took a sort of savage delight in spreading before our eyes the blacker side of man's natural feebleness and perversity? Yet we quite misunderstand such a poet as Vaughan, if we turn from him as from one essentially gloomy and depressing. The joy in him still overrides the gloom, the joy that came to him, as it can only come to a man then or at any time, from lifting his eyes out of these shades and flickering lights to the radiance of another sun, and to a peace that is not of earth:

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.

Such is the great note of Vaughan and of his contemporaries in their moments of inspiration, purer and higher in Vaughan than in any other, though not so powerfully sustained as in Milton, and it is the occasional occurrence of this note that makes the religious poetry of the period, despite its mass of fumbling attempts, something unique in English literature. Faint echoes or distorted repetitions of it you will catch in Whittier and Newman and Francis Thompson and other poets of the nineteenth century; but the glorious courage and assurance, the pure joy, the full flight against the sun, you will meet nowhere in England since the Revolution, along with the new politics, brought in the gray reign of naturalism—nor anywhere in Europe, so far as I know. In denying the everlasting reality of evil, we have lost the faculty of wholesome exultation.

V.

It is not to be supposed that Vaughan rose often to this height, nor, indeed, do we who have long prized him in private rest our affection on the few poems in which he shows himself a master of his craft. As with most of the writers of the day, there is much of the careless amateur in his method: he lacked self-criticism, failed to distinguish between what was commonplace and what was exquisite in his perception, and even in his moments of inspiration left the labor of expression too much to chance; as a whole, his achievement is sadly at loose ends. But he never forgot or misrepresented himself, and it is his constant betrayal of a rare personality, his adjustments to life, the sincere variation of his moods, his faithful expectation of the coming of the light, that draw us back to his books again and again and lend a peculiar interest to poems which we should find it hard to commend to unwilling ears. It is the man Vaughan, who dwelt by the river Usk, and himself walked in the valley with God, we seek always, not the artist; and if we admit readily that this is not the attitude to take towards those who have achieved an invulnerable position, yet we love him none the less. Naturally, this quality of his work cannot be exhibited in a specimen or two; nevertheless, so far as this may be done, I would point to the artless charm of such a poem as "The Bee," and particularly to such lines in it as these:

Hail crystal fountains and fresh shades!
Where no proud look invades,
No busy worldling hunts away
The sad retirer all the day!
Hail, happy, harmless solitude!
Our sanctuary from the rude
And scornful world; the calm recess
Of faith, and hope, and holiness!
Here something still like Eden looks;
Honey in woods, juleps in brooks;
And flowers, whose rich unrifled sweets
With a chaste kiss the cool dew greets.
When the toils of the day are done,
And the tired world sets with the sun,
Here flying winds and flowing wells
Are the wise watchful hermit's bells;
Their busy murmurs all the night
To praise or prayer do invite,
And with an awful sound arrest
And piously employ the breast.
When in the east the dawn doth blush,
Here cool, fresh spirits the air brush;
Herbs straight get up, flowers peep and spread,
Trees whisper praise, and bow the head;
Birds, from the shades of night release,
Look round about, then quit the nest,
And with united gladness sing
The glory of the morning's King.
The hermit hears, and with meek voice
Offers his own up, and their joys;
Then prays that all the world may be
Blest with as sweet an unity.

No one would venture to call such a passage great in itself, or in any way notable, and if it makes no appeal to you, why, then it doesn't, and there's an end on it. But one can perhaps hint at certain qualities in it which endear the writer to some of us. In the first place, we feel here the reality of the divine immanence in nature which everywhere speaks in Vaughan's verse, and which, curiously enough, paradoxically you may say, comes to poignant expression only in those who deplore the natural world as fallen from grace and given over to the

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powers of evil—unless we make an apparent exception of the supreme artists of Greece. It is he who sees that about the world the "curtains are close-drawn," who will also, by some strange legerdemain of the human heart, draw away the veil from your eyes and show you the truth of the everlasting mythology:

He sighed for Eden, and would often say,
Ah, what bright days were those!
Nor was heaven cold unto him; for each day
The valley or the mountain
Afforded visits, and still paradise lay
In some green shade or fountain.
Angels lay lieger here; each bush and cell,
Each oak and highway, knew them:
Walk but the fields, or sit down at some well,
And he was sure to view them.

But we may note in "The Bee" something more specific than the feeling of a man who re-creates for himself a lost paradise; the lines direct us to a peculiarity of the imagination, which Vaughan shared indeed with the other poets of his day, but possessed to a degree that marks a real distinction. Simcox, in his introduction to the selection in Ward's "English Poets," calls attention to the prominence of the dawn, "the awe of the freshness of morning among the Welsh mountains," in Vaughan's reflections on nature. The observation is just, but needs to be completed. It was not so much the beauty of the morning in itself that seems to have impressed him as its contrast with the hours of darkness past. I am sure that Vaughan, something of a valetudinarian we know, was often sleepless, and sometimes in these wakeful seasons felt the presence of the stars as a "host of spies" stealing out from heaven, and was entranced by the palpable nearness of the spirit world in the silence and abstraction of visible things:

There is in God—some say—
A deep, but dazzling darkness. . . .

At other times Vaughan seems to have been oppressed by the thought of the suspension of life through these hours, as if Nature nightly retired into a tomb, from which she could be aroused only by the miraculous voice of her Creator. Out of these nocturnal meditations, being an early riser, he rose to view the dawn, already quickened in spirit, as he would say, by the celestial dews, or ready to join the "hymning circulations" at the spectacle of the earth's perpetual rebirth. His impulse to compose came to him chiefly, we think, in the fresh breath of the mornings when he set out from home on his errands of healing.

VI.

It is thus we of the brotherhood find our pleasure in these poems, not because of their greatness as works of art, but because of a certain transparent honesty in them which enables us to enter into the privacy of a singularly beautiful spirit. Again, not a great spirit: Vaughan was not one of the stalwarts of the age, not a Milton, not even a Falkland, but one who shrank almost pathetically from contention and the noise of tongues. But neither was there anything to reprobate in his flight from the world, unless we think that all men are called to fight in the hour of desperation. There was nothing, or at least very little, of Crashaw's morbid substitution of religious emotion for the plain duties of life; no taint of self-indulgence in voluptuous sensation or relaxing revery. And if his verse for the most part lacks finish, being in fact the product of one whose profession was not in letters, but elsewhere, it has nevertheless the substance of poetry which was the birthright of that age. Sometimes it has more than that. Suddenly, as if by a divine accident, he will reach a strain—a single line, or group of lines, it may be—which startle the reader, as the ear is caught by a few notes of piercing melody breaking through a monotonous chant. In the midst of rather commonplace reflections he will unexpectedly gather up the meaning of life in a sharp, pregnant image, such as this:

But now
I find myself the less the more I grow.
The world
Is full of voices; man is call'd, and hurl'd
By each; he answers all,
Knows every note and call—

or this:

Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest—

or he will celebrate the sweet influences of a holy life:

Stars are of mighty use; the night
Is dark, and long;
The road foul; and where one goes right,
Six may go wrong—

or in slower measure will praise the gift of Sir Thomas Bodley to Oxford, and express in memorable language the gratitude of all readers for the preservation of good books:

And in this age, as sad almost as thine,
Thy stately consolatiöns are mine.

These are not the accidents that come to a little man; and occasionally Vaughan's performance is even greater. Once or twice, sustaining this elevation from the beginning to the end, he will produce a thing as exquisitely perfect as "The Retreat," which certainly helped Wordsworth in the composition of his famous ode, and, unusual juxtaposition, may have suggested to James Thomson (B. V.) one of the most haunting cantos of "The City of Dreadful Night"; or he will rise to the bold flight of those stanzas, unnamed, than which there is nothing purer and deeplier felt, nothing truer to the strangely mingled exaltation and humility of sound religion, nothing more superb, in the sacred literature of our English-speaking people:

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the Sun's remove.

I see them walking in an Air of Glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days—
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

. . . . . .

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My pérspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

Correspondence

GIFFORD PINCHOT ON CONSERVATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I write to ask your help to defeat a most serious attack on our public resources. Since the fight over the Alaska resources was won there has not been so pressing a threat against the conservation policy as the present effort in Congress to give our public water-powers for nothing into monopolistic control.

The Shields bill, now before the Senate, gives to the power interests without compensation the use of water-power on navigable streams. The amount of water-power these streams will supply is larger by far than all the power of every kind now in use in the United States. It pretends to, but does not, enable the people to take back their own property at the end of fifty years, for in order to do so under the bill the Government would have to pay the unearned increment, and to take over whole lighting systems of cities and whole manufacturing plants. Private corporations are authorized to seize upon any land, private or public, they choose to condemn.

Bills which gave away public water-powers without due compensation were vetoed by President Roosevelt and President Taft. The Shields bill would do precisely the same thing to-day.

Another Water-power bill, the Ferris bill, relating to the public lands and national forests, was in the main a good bill as it passed the House. As reported to the Senate, it encourages monopoly by permitting a corporation to take as many public water-power sites as it may please. Under it the corporations could not even be kept from fastening upon the Grand Cañon, the greatest natural wonder on this continent. This bill takes the care of water-powers on national forests from the experienced and competent Forest Service and gives it to the Interior Department, thus entailing duplication and needless expense.

In my opinion, there is undue carelessness as to the disposal of public resources at present in Washington. The water-power legislation now before the Senate is too favorable to the men who, as Secretary Houston's admirable recent report shows, control through eighteen corporations more than one-half of the total water-power used in public service throughout the United States. The water-power men charge that conservation hampers development. Mr. Houston's report shows, on the contrary, that the most rapid development is in the national forests, where conservation is best enforced. On the other hand, 120 public-service corporations own and are

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holding undeveloped and out of use an amount of water-power equal to four-fifths of all there is developed and in use by all the public-service corporations in the whole United States.

As I said in an open letter of January 29 to the President:

"Natural resources lie at the foundation of all preparedness, whether for peace or for war. No plan for national defence can be effective unless it provides for adequate public control of all the raw materials out of which the defensive strength of a nation is made. Of these raw materials water-power is the most essential, because without electricity generated from water-power we cannot manufacture nitrates, and nitrates are the basis of gunpowder. There are no great natural deposits of nitrates in the United States, as there are in Chili. It would be folly to allow the public water-powers, which can supply this indispensable basis of national defence, to pass out of effective public control."

A concerted movement is on foot to break down the conservation policy. Feeble resistance or none at all is being made by official Washington. Unless the press and the people come to the rescue, the power interests are likely to win. This is a public matter wholly removed from political partisanship. Your help is needed, and that of your paper. For nearly ten years this fight for the public water-powers has gone on. We ought not to lose it now. GIFFORD PINCHOT.

Milford, Pike Co., Pa., February 15.

GENERAL WOOD AND PREPAREDNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent article in the *Nation*, in which you hold up to ridicule Gen. Leonard Wood and others who are working in behalf of national defence, reveals a state of public sentiment that in the opinion of many observers constitutes an actual menace to the nation.

Because Gen. Wood, ranking officer of the United States Army, a man of wide experience and of broad understanding, gives Congress—in response to questions—the benefit of his knowledge and experience, he is subjected to newspaper criticism for "knowing too much"! Special offence seems to have been taken at his statement that "he did not fear attack from one country, but from a combination of Powers."

Possibly the article referred to was written on the assumption that Gen. Wood's statement was the expression of a mere vague fear; but it is well to remember that a man in Gen. Wood's official position has many sources of valuable military information.

With the foreign legations of the nations, our own included, there are army and navy officers whose business it is to acquaint themselves with the naval and military affairs of the countries to which they are assigned and to transmit their findings to their Governments. Two such officers of a foreign Power lately left Washington because they had done their work too well. So, disregarding for the moment all other sources of information which are open to an officer of high rank, is it strange that Gen. Wood should know whereof he speaks? And is it presumptuous that he should have enough foresight and patriotism to acquaint himself with the business with which his country has entrusted him? Gen. Wood is not in the habit of speaking lightly or loosely, and it is to be earnestly hoped that an intelligent nation may catch the full significance of the warning implied in his words.

With a certain class of residents of this country the possession of wealth by another person is regarded as offensive, but since when, in America, has the possession of knowledge been regarded as an offence against the rights of the people? What judgment would you pronounce on him if he who is charged with the solemn responsibility of being ready to defend your home and my home did not know what it is his bounden duty to know?

With signs of danger written large for whoever will read them, with the President of the United States openly admitting that "he knows not what a day may bring forth," with a year and a half wasted while our country is in a defenceless condition, your article, in which you lightly skip over a national crisis to ridicule those who are working to wake up a sleeping nation, is in itself indicative of the danger that lies close to the heart of the nation.

In the apathy of a large number of our citizens, in the inability of others to realize that our nation is in immediate danger, in the utter incapacity of still others to differentiate between national-defence measures and measures for mere routine appropriations, we have such a condition of public mind as begets disaster to us, just as a similar condition of public mind marked the decline of other proud peoples, of which history has abundant record.

Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Here and there editors are trading the opportunity to serve their nation in its time of need for the opportunity to indulge in irrelevant and unpatriotic criticisms of those who are seeking to save us from such disasters as have stricken the multitudes of Europe.

Though you have seen fit to include my name in your arraignment, I write you in no spirit of unfriendliness, but only with a profound regret that the nation's need makes so little appeal to you, and in justice to all concerned, I request that you publish this communication. HENRY A. WISE WOOD.

New York, February 15.

THE INVENTION OF GUNPOWDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since the reviewer of Col. Hime's "The Origin of Artillery" in the *Nation* of February 3 evidently had not read the discussion of "Roger Bacon and Gunpowder" in *Science*, December 3, 1915, may I call the attention of readers of the *Nation* to it as an antidote to the reviewer's too favorable reception of Col. Hime's attempt to make Roger Bacon out the inventor or accidental discoverer of gunpowder? Bacon's own writings show conclusively enough that he was not.

Furthermore, both the reviewer and Col. Hime have a distorted and romantic notion of the scope of the Inquisition's activity and of its relations to science and magic in the thirteenth century. I doubt if either of them can cite a primary source to justify such an assertion as this: "We have but to recollect that the Inquisition, then recently founded, would have given short shrift, indeed, to the inventor of a quasi-magical stuff" (*Nation*, February 3, p. 140). Any one interested may get some idea of the true place of both magic and science in the thirteenth century and of the attitude of the Church to both from the following articles: "Natural Science in the Middle Ages" (*Popular Science Monthly*, September, 1915), "Some Mediæval Conceptions of Magic" (*The Monist*, January, 1915), "The True Roger Bacon" (*American Historical Review*, January, 1916), "Roger Bacon and Experimental Method in the Middle Ages" (*Philosophical Review*, May, 1914).

LYNN THORNDIKE.

Cleveland, O., February 7.

MR. BRANDEIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial comment in the *Nation* of February 3, you question "the fitness of his [Mr. Brandeis's] temperament, and of his record as an intense and often a bitter advocate, for service on our highest judicial tribunal." Are you not quoting the "record" kept by the railway companies? Can you cite a particular case in which Mr. Brandeis has shown any temperamental vagaries? In his dual capacity as a sincere reformer and eminent lawyer, Mr. Brandeis always played his part consistently. Has Mr. Brandeis, who lived up to the principles of justice and democracy emphatically, "morally disqualified himself for sitting as a judge"?

Truly, it inclines one to pessimism when contemplating the ephemeral nature of journalism. Some three years ago, I recollect, Mr. Brandeis's "record" was clean enough. The *Nation*, in all sincerity, suggested him as an ideal candidate for the Presidency, because of his excellent qualities and clean record. A. S. OKO.

Cincinnati, O., February 4.

[Our correspondent is mistaken. The *Nation* never suggested, sincerely or otherwise, Mr. Brandeis as a candidate for the Presidency.—ED. THE NATION.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The objection to Brandeis—that the apostle of such radical views may jeopardize the safe and orderly development of our institutions—seems to me to be entirely contrary to the history of our Supreme Court.

The respect in which it has been held, and the consequent influence over the country's growth, has not been uniform, nor has it always been good. The Dred Scott Decision shook the country to its foundations; and in our own day the declaration that Cleveland's income tax was unconstitutional lessened the regard of a large body of our citizens for the law and for the courts. Several other similar instances have occurred; and *in every case* the Court has lost prestige, because the decision has been more favorable to the rights of property than was believed just by a large and sound public opinion. In other words, it was too conservative. A majority of the Court outvoted those whose judgment was more in accord with the prevailing moral outlook of the community; and the country was obliged to, and did, change the Constitution to accord with the views of the minority. How much better would it have been, and how much more conservative of the nation, had Chief Justice Taney been less conservative, or had more radicals been on the bench with him! After all, many of

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the vital decisions of our Supreme Court have been by a divided Court, and have been influenced by the temperaments of the judges as much as by briefs of counsel.

Is it not, then, really conservative, and in the interest of orderly development and progress, to have men of different outlook on life, and different affiliations and experiences, to weigh the great questions that affect the life of our people? It would seem that an able Court, composed of some conservatives, some equally strong radicals, and others of intermediate points of view, should be able to apply better the "rule of reason" to the shifting problems of the nation than a one-sided tribunal, be it radical or conservative. And in so doing, the Court would eliminate the danger of sudden, ill-considered, and revolutionary legislation by a majority that considers itself outraged by existing laws.

The true conservative, then, should acclaim Brandeis's appointment. Only the extremist who hopes for grievances to accumulate and bring the social revolution has reason for disappointment. LOUIS BARTLETT.

San Francisco, February 10.

THE POSITION OF THE POPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Homer Edmiston, in his letter on the Papal Consistory of December 6, has written a very interesting account of recent Papal events in Rome, but in his criticism of Benedict XV he betrays a want of understanding of the Pope's position, and also of the Roman question.

Mr. Edmiston is ardently pro-Ally, and employs the favorite slogan: that this war is not similar to the wars of territorial aggrandizement during the eighteenth century, but a conflict between two opposing civilizations and governments. That autocracy and militarism are fighting democracy and civilization is a purely academic question, and any decision that is taken can only be regarded as a matter of opinion. The Pope does not follow public opinion on matters temporal or spiritual. With his recognized ability and understanding, he is fully competent to judge impartially the merits of the various belligerents and to withhold his judgment.

He, as Pope, is not compelled to decide on political affairs; the Church has laid down the laws of right and wrong in regard to warfare, and if one set of belligerents choose to violate them, there is no necessity of his public condemnation, as they become *ipso facto* guilty. Germany's atrocities on the clergy in Belgium, with the abuse of the churches, called forth strong reprehension from the Pope by a letter to, I think, Cardinal Hartmann and one of sympathy to Cardinal Mercier. In view of the fact that the Pope is the father of millions of Catholics in Germany and Austria-Hungary, a hasty and one-sided condemnation of them would alienate quite unnecessarily many people from the Church.

The author considers that the Pope's complaint on the unreliability of his position with regard to the Italian Government is a delusion, because the Italian Government has been very lenient in regard to the passage of enemy subjects in Italy and Rome. In saying that he entirely misses the point: it is not a question whether the Government allows the Pope full liberty at the present time, but that the Pope, who is head of the universal Catholic Church, should not be dependent on the whims of a passing Italian Government, and the exigencies of the military authorities, and as such his position can truly be said to be very unsatisfactory. S. N. WARREN, JR.

New York, February 12.

THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS IN TRANSLATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent number of the *New Republic*, in an article entitled "The Classical Compromise," a plea is made for the teaching of the Greek and Latin classics through the medium of authoritative translations.

I have read the article with weariness of spirit, for it seems very far behind the times, and yet it discusses with the warmth of a new vision those questions which the teacher of the classics has threshed out in the solitude of the study and in debate with his colleagues now these many years. Two assumptions, in particular, are made which in my judgment are unwarranted: first, that the professor of the classics, placing his sole or main stress upon grammatical drill, is unaware of the widespread use of translations by the student in the preparation of his work, and, secondly, that courses in the classic authors, if given in translation by capable, broad-minded, and scholarly men, would make a wide appeal to the undergraduate body.

The professor of classics, as I have known him, is not the blockhead pictured in the article, ignorant of that which every undergraduate knows, and he has, for the last decade at least, made a desperate effort to throw the main emphasis in his teaching upon the thought, form, and historical setting of the classics. He has gone so far in some cases (in England with considerable success) as to banish the translation as a means of interpretation, and to reserve it as a formal and occasional literary exercise.

Realizing that but a small portion of the classics can be read in the original in class, but knowing full well that which the writer ignores, that a piece of artistic literature in a foreign tongue can be reproduced only as a painting can be photographed, or at best copied, the professor has endeavored by his classwork to teach appreciation for that indissoluble combination, thought and form, and, by copious assignments in translation, to fill out the deficiency due to the lack of knowledge of the works of an author as a whole.

So, too, for the last ten years, in most of our larger institutions, courses in Greek literature have been given in translation, with but moderate success. This lack of great success in the experiment may be our fault, but I doubt it. When I see courses in Greek and Roman history, subjects in such vital touch at so many points with modern life, given by capable, inspiring, and enthusiastic scholars, and attended by a handful of students, I think that the cause of the failure is to be placed elsewhere.

My feeling of weariness is relieved by a smile when I read, "But to give them [engineering students] a short course in the classics, studied in translation, would be to provide them with a perennial spiritual corrective." For I think of the impossibility of forcing into the engineering curriculum courses in English literature or history; I recall the cry for engineering-English in the rhetoric work, and I see the study of the French and German languages banished (at least, in our institution) from the engineering curriculum, and even before the banishment I had heard complaints of the time wasted on the mere literature of those languages.

As I read the concluding paragraph of the article, the pall of gloom again descends upon me. The prediction is made that with the proper interpretation of the classics through the medium of English translations, we shall find substituted "enduring inspiration for formulas and shall give a profitable solution of a problem that too frequently has been evaded or else approached without frankness or courage."

Allow me, too, to be a prophet. The day that the Latin and Greek languages cease to be the medium for the interpretation of the thought and ideals of the classic world, that day will see the study of the Latin and Greek authors exercising in our curricula an influence comparable to that of the literary study of the Bible at the present day, and no more. JOSEPH B. PIKE.

University of Minnesota, February 12.

THE BOMBARDER STRONGLY INTRENCHED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When—not entirely without warning—I set my class what seemed to me a fair (not to say easy) examination on current events, I expected that the class—and perhaps the University—would be stirred up; I did not expect to shake the country! But the seed planted in my classroom has produced fruit in Maine and California; and I have been content to rest in silent obscurity watching with an interest not unmixed with amusement the beanstalk I have raised. My silence would have continued indefinitely, had not two colleagues (if I may presume to use the word) aimed their machine guns upon me in an attempt to rescue the beleaguered garrison of freshman sufferers—as if they clamored for the healthful food of literature and were fed with the husks of history—Alsatian peasants in the grip of a ruthless German rule!

Mr. Woodbridge reproaches me for not having given figures; he wants to know "what per cent. of the students passed the test" and "what the average grade was." Purposely I kept these details secret; what Mr. Woodbridge would have done with these figures, he does not say. For his benefit I shall merely mention that the average grade was below 50 per cent., and that I kept no record of the marks received on the test, so that no student suffered mental anguish as a result of the bombardment. (I am kind to my prisoners!)

Indeed, I realize that "collections of absurd mistakes may be gathered from any large set of examination papers," and could add to the collections of both Mr. Broadus and Mr. Woodbridge; do I need to apologize for trying to make my letter interesting? Mr. Woodbridge not only balks at swallowing an unpalatable truth—he objects even to the sugar-coating!

Both gentlemen, intrenched behind their barbed-wire fortifications (much less sharp in one sector than in the other), attack with gas which—far from illuminating the issue—tends to obscure the point. The point is: that the undergraduates, far from trying to broaden their outlook, seek rather—save in such exceptional cases as that recorded by "Pro-

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fessor," and experienced by us all—to confine themselves to the curriculum, and do this—in the West, perhaps, more commonly than in the East—for the sake of grades. Sometimes a theme or an examination is hardly cold on the teacher's desk before the student clamors for his mark with the indecent haste of a friend stopping after a funeral to see how much he has inherited.

The tragic thing about my examination was not that the students didn't know the answers to the questions, but that they did not "give a whoop." The lawyer, business man, and medical student of Colorado Springs furnish an adequate answer to the supporter of the referendum; the teacher, youthful or aged, who is content to let the undergraduate product of the kindergarten slide along in unconcealed slipshoddiness while he himself enjoys "the spectacle which the unfortified brain affords," is but raising a generation the forerunners of which have ere this penetrated to the Cabinet; the fact that the country has got along all right so far is no proof that it will continue so to do.

Cassandra, perhaps. (She would not have been a tragic figure if she could have lived to say, "I told you so!") When letters of Capt. von Papen are discovered saying that the Americans are "stupid," we have no cause for anger. The scare headlines of the daily press may hurt our *amour-propre;* but those of us who think must admit that there is a grain of truth in von Papen's observation.

X.

A WRONG ATTRIBUTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the "Notes" of your issue of January 6, in referring to the story "Where Love is There is God Also," the impression is conveyed that it is rightfully to be numbered among Tolstoy's works. This impression is evidently very widespread; I recall having seen this story given as an example of the Russian short story in a series edited by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie in the *Outlook*. As a matter of fact, this parable was not written by Tolstoy, but was merely adapted by him from an English translation of a story written by Reuben Saillens, who is at present honorary pastor of a Baptist church in Paris, France. I believe the existence of Tolstoi's story became known to the original author only when he accidentally came upon a translation of it in the original French in which he had written it under the title "Père Martin." I know Mr. Saillens personally and have before me his volume of "Récits et Allégories," including "Père Martin," in the preface to which is a letter, written by Count Tolstoy, which sufficiently explains the situation. The letter translated reads as follows:

"I regret deeply having wronged you and beg of you to pardon my fault, which, as you will see, was entirely unintentional. There is published in Russia a monthly journal of only local circulation entitled 'The Worker.' A friend gave me a copy of this publication, in which appeared a translation and an adaptation to Russian life of your story 'Père Martin,' the author's name not being given. My friend proposed that I should use your narrative as the basis for a popular story, and as it greatly took my fancy, I added a few scenes, changed the style slightly, and returned it to my friend to be published without my name being attached as author. Indeed, this was also the arrangement regarding certain stories of my own which were published with it. For the second edition the editor asked permission to attach my name to the stories which he had received from me. I consented without recalling that with the eight stories which were my own work was included 'Père Martin,' which was not my own. However, as it had been adapted by me, the editor put my name to the whole collection.

"In one of the issues edited by me, I had added to the title in parenthesis the words 'borrowed from the English,' my friend having stated that the story was by an English author. In the complete edition of my works this parenthesis was omitted, and the translator made the same error.

"It is thus, sir, that to my great regret I have been guilty of an involuntary plagiarism from your works, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I declare by the medium of this letter that the story 'Where Love Is There God Is Also' is only a translation and adaptation to Russian life of your admirable story 'Martin.'

"I beg of you, sir, to pardon my carelessness and accept the assurance of my fraternal sentiments. Leon Tolstoi."

Arthur W. Vining.

Brandon, Canada, February 17.

THE COURTIS TESTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Many of your readers, no doubt, are acquainted with the Courtis tests for measuring the efficiency of school-grades and of schools. To them it may be of interest to know that Mr. Courtis is not to be regarded as the originator of the method of measurement which he employs. In its statistical aspect the method has been known in Europe for years. Moreover, even in its details it is of foreign origin. For example, one of the specific tests in arithmetic—the test in addition—is the well-known Kraepelin test, devised, I believe, and first used by the German investigator, Emil Kraepelin. Another resemblance, somewhat more general in character, may also be pointed out. Requiring the person to be tested to cross out certain letters in a series of printed words, and tests of a similar nature—performed under supervision and timed by the observer—have frequently been set by Kraepelin.

C. H. Ibershoff.

Iowa City, February 12.

THE PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION AND GRAMMATICAL TERMINOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Kirtland has accused me of "a misleading statement" in your columns concerning the attitude of the Philological Association towards the movement for uniformity of grammatical terminology in language studies. If I had unwittingly been guilty, I could only thank him for correction. In the interest of truth, however, I must deny the charge in its essential feature, which is based upon my reference to "sharp differences of opinion existing in the Association as to the desirability of a uniform terminology." To this allusion Professor Kirtland replies that "there is no evidence that there has been, or is now, any difference of opinion, either in the Association or outside," as to the desirability of the proposition under consideration. Such an assertion must certainly surprise any member who was present and listened to the discussion of the subject when originally presented, at the Providence meeting, December, 1910. The desirability of the fundamental proposition was sharply challenged in a speech that carried conviction to many of those present, and the opposition there expressed does represent the sober conviction of a large portion of the membership of the Association, including names which carry weight wherever philological and literary studies are known. Professor Kirtland is technically right in saying that the Association has approved the report of the Committee on Uniform Terminology, but his own letter shows that this approval came in such form that it cannot fairly be cited in favor of any single one of the changes from present practice which the report recommends. And to relieve his letter from danger of misleading on its own part, I must add that the affirmative vote of December, 1913, to which he refers, "adopting" the report with unlimited elastic reservation as to any of its details, numbered just 36 members, with 19 recording themselves in opposition. The total membership at that date was 696. I do not assume to decide what are the views of the majority of the Association, nor do I think that any one who has attended any of the meetings in which the subject was discussed, or read the minutes of them all, can find any safe basis for a sure answer to that question. But I do know, from attendance at part of those meetings, from reading the minutes of them all, and from conversation and correspondence with members, that my allusion to "sharp differences of opinion" was strictly in accordance with the facts. W. H. Johnson.

Granville, O., February 18.

EDWIN CAMPBELL WOOLLEY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. Edwin Campbell Woolley, of the University of Wisconsin, who died in New York city on January 25, while on leave of absence, was widely known in schools and colleges as the author of a series of useful and scholarly books on English composition. Many of the excellent qualities of his mind were here disclosed, his patient and accurate habit of thought, his gift for clear and simple expression, his nice taste, and, in so far as he would have considered appropriate to his subject, his quiet humor. For such qualities as these he commanded the high respect of all of us who were his friends and colleagues; but it is because he combined with the temper of the scholar a sweet and kindly nature that we feel his death so keenly as a personal loss. He embodied for us a type of the ideal gentleman, dignified, with natural and unassuming dignity, finely cultivated on many sides, scrupulously and sincerely courteous, considerate, ready with assistance for any who needed help. The memory which he leaves to his friends is in all things gracious.

He died in the midst, one might also say at the beginning, of his career. He received the degree of bachelor of arts at the University of Chicago in 1898, the degree of doctor of philosophy at Columbia University in 1901. In 1905 he came to the University of Wisconsin, where, since 1909, he had been assistant professor of English.

Frederick A. Manchester.

Madison, Wis., February 1.

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Recent Poetry

A Marriage Cycle. By Alice Freeman Palmer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Interflow. By Geoffery C. Faber. The New Poetry Series. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents net.

Stillwater Pastorals and Other Poems. By Paul Shivell. The New Poetry Series. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents net.

The Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

In a fitly felt and delicately worded preface, Mr. George Herbert Palmer explains how, after thirteen years of reflection and conference, in opposition to a dying injunction, the incomplete "Marriage Cycle" of Alice Freeman Palmer has been rather resigned than offered to the public. Mr. Palmer's decision in this matter should, I think, silence comment. We may well remand any conflict between the wishes and the fame or usefulness of Alice Freeman Palmer to the arbitrament of one to whom all these things are closer and dearer than to any casual reader in the outside world. The public need not quarrel with its own good fortune when that fortune is secured by the sacrifice of scruples and reluctances far keener than its own. The high passion reflected in this "Cycle" has its own inalienable securities, and may dispense in that degree with those external dissemblings and reservations which defend one crudity from another. Let me add that on a subject on which so many reverences and tendernesses converge, it is difficult, if indeed it be decent, to preserve a passionless neutrality; if sympathy has clouded these judgments, I accept thankfully a disqualification which is also a privilege.

These poems, with every excuse for coldness, composed after forty, twelve years or so later than the genesis of the passion they depict, published thirteen years after their author's death, surprise us by the warmth which animates and dominates their being. They have that inosculation with life, that lodgment in experience, which relegates all questions of technique to their proper insignificance, suggesting that it is only in the void caused by the retreat of our passions that the clash of our methods is so jarringly audible. We behold a love pure and impassioned, enthusiastic and yet tranquil, passing, as it were, from enthusiasm to tranquillity through a medial phase of awe, of solemnization, which is the offshoot of the one feeling and the parent of the other.

This woman has the fearless directness native to those who feel deeply. The art is fallible. Many poems show a wavering of contour which marks, on the æsthetic side, a structural uncertainty. Some lyrics abide in my memory as glows rather than patterns, murmurs rather than articulations. Much, perhaps most, of the poetry is in the common dialect, the established vernacular, of refined, ardent, sympathetic womanhood, but out of this customary plane rise moments that are vividly individual. I find these moments often at the close of the lyrics, and I recognize them by a rare steadiness, a responsibility, a vigilance for truth in the very crisis of enthusiasm, which recalls the inspired conscientiousness of Wordsworth. Unqualified sincerity, like its opposite, demonstrable hypocrisy, is comparatively rare in poetical utterance, but even rarer than unqualified sincerity is the sincerity that is its own witness. This self-evidence, in which the mere tone is voucher for the word, is not continuous in Mrs. Palmer's work, but is common enough to attest the fineness of her endowment.

Citation is difficult because the poem I wish to quote, and shall quote inevitably in defiance of scruple, is a poem antipodal in spirit to the calm exultancy, the liturgic triumph, which mark the volume as a whole. The title is "Myself":

Oh, to be alone!
To escape from the work, the play,
The talking of every day!
To escape from all I have done
And all that remains to do!
To escape,—yes, even from you,
My only Love,—and be
Alone and free!

Could I only stand
Beneath pale moon and gray sky,
Where the winds and the sea-gulls cry,
And no man is at hand,
And feel the free air blow
On my rain-wet face, and know
I am free,—not yours, but my own,—
Free and alone!

* * * *

I am only you.
I am yours, part of you, your wife,
And I have no other life.
I cannot think, cannot do;
I cannot breathe, cannot see;
There is "us," but there is not "me."
And worst, at your touch I grow
Contented so!

I think Mr. Geoffery Faber happier than many of our hardy pioneers in metre, largely perhaps because he has the pioneer's craft of mixing caution with hardihood. He has not forsaken rhyme, nor does he shift his line-lengths assiduously or audaciously: his specialty is the use of irregular and unexpected feet in unhesitating abundance, and his success in assimilating the disparities and appeasing the frictions incident to his method, in securing interfusion or "interflow," is in its own way a triumph. That way lies more in the cunning evasion of the normal penalties of his boldness than in absolute charm, though no one can deny mellowness, a tenderness rather textural than emotional, to his verse. I cite one stanza:

Still through the night air, heavy and enchanted,
The sad notes hovered, lingering while they faded;
Even as the lover whom his mistress hath upbraided,
Lingers near her window, till the dawn bids him depart,
Filled with forebodings lest perchance he be supplanted;
And his eyes are lit with anger, but tears are in his heart.

I conjecture that Mr. Faber's models are Frenchmen or Englishmen of Gallic proclivities. At all events, what he seeks is not outcome or passion or experience, but sensations; let me rather say bouquets of sensations, subtly chosen, daintily cropped, and studiously ordered. There is a wanness in these poems, the index of emotional fragility. In England's hour of trial, the mannered and studied sonnet on Rupert Brooke might well have been spared from the volume it is meant to dignify. A man may cut rosettes out of silver paper in war-time if he chooses, no doubt, but he should hardly do it with the point of a sword.

Mr. Bliss Perry, in a preface of unerring delicacy and generous warmth, tells us that the author of "Stillwater Pastorals" is a veritable farmer, one who can plough barefoot and make verses. The problems for such a talent are clearly difficult; he must love and fear culture almost equally. If culture could but clear the throat without imparting its own accents! Unhappily, in Mr. Shivell's work, the voice is now husky, now studiously genteel, in ineffectual alternations. I think Mr. Shivell hardly understands the terms on which a plain man is permitted in a liberal age to rhyme "weapon," "happen," and "ripen," and to write of cattle who "feel too comfortable

To move until they hear the feedbox open'd
And see that that means business."

Those terms are that the plain man shall not write quatrains of this stamp:

Nature ascends in circles non-reëntrant,
By perturbations never suffer'd twice
To be the same, and we perforce obey
The slightly varying change, eccentric, centrant.

In our plain man pedantry is a sin in the precise degree in which rusticity is venial.

I prefer the early homely verses, "Seedtime," "Winter Morning," and "December Days," in reading which I have an agreeable sense of my neighborhood, hardly to beauty, but at all events to sanities and realities. Their religion seems manly and honest, if a little over-emphasized. Later on, I am sensible of a change; the cult remains, assiduous and respectful, but I am visited by a chimera to the effect that Mr. Paul Shivell has slipped into the place of Omnipotence. It has occurred to me, though I am far from overvaluing the conjecture, that in Mr. Shivell we have the rather pathetic case of the kindly, upright, not ungifted, man, spoilt by the world's discovery of his participation in these merits.

I say "not ungifted" advisedly. Mr. Shivell's strong points are a certain sway and sweep of rhythm, observable in "God Built Creation," a liquid sparkle, seen best in "Song Would Not Be," sententiousness evident in "Art's intent surpasses all

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achievement. Art is Youth," and rarely a moral bugle-call, "My God, could I but bless one human heart!" Were these qualities continuous, they would confer excellence; as it happens, they are checkerings and gleams.

My difficulty in reaching the last of the 307 pages of Lionel Johnson's poems has issued in certain reflections. Mr. Johnson is far from a bad poet, but I have had far too much of his work. Satiety is never judicial, and I ask myself if seventy-five pages—especially the best seventy-five pages—would not have left an impression at once juster and kinder than that which I now entertain. In this point discrimination is imperative. Matthew Arnold's well-meant but neglected attempts to disengage the best of Wordsworth and Byron have shown that the eminent writer is not the proper subject for this abridgment. A first-grade writer is more than a source of pleasure or store of benefit; he is a stadium or palæstra for the discipline of scholars and critics in the athletics of the mind, and every inch of added space is a gain to that straitened gymnasium. At the other extreme, when authors are obscure and the ends of publication private, the tastes of the affectionate circle which pays the expense and reaps the pleasure of the work should regulate the inclusions which are commonly liberal. But with authors like Lionel Johnson, who mean something but not very much to the world at large, a sifting process might contribute in equal measure to the reader's happiness and the author's credit.

Lionel Johnson wrote too much verse. He had a noble gift, the gift of sympathetic reception, not the passivity which sometimes usurps the name, but that ample and bounteous acceptance which is itself almost creative, tempering the moral climate to that salubriety in which the genius of others puts forth its shoots. Such natures are often artistically mute, and I think Mr. Johnson was impeded in his office by an unchecked exuberance of speech.

On higher levels, one might trace a parallel to this defect. Evidences of a beautiful spirit are unfailing; culture, refinement, sympathy, elevation, often felicity and point, accompany this delicate intelligence in its fervid but liberal Catholicism, its Celtic patriotism, its passion for landscape, its enthusiasm for literature. But is not the emotion, like the utterance, facile? Is not the mind, as it were, "to let," open possibly to the occupancy of any refined and gracious sentiment that chances to be roaming in the vicinity? Is this blame or praise? Perhaps, after all, it is only the acidulation of the critical temper by 307 rather uniform pages that associates the trait in my mind with suppleness, with complaisance. Mr. Johnson likes men of all breeds, addresses poems to all: George Moore and Mrs. Meynell, Ernest Dowson and E. K. Chambers, Francis Thompson and George Santayana. A region so cosmopolite has somehow the effect of being neutral, and one is not wholly reassured by the obvious sincerity of the enthusiasm.

The following fine poem, "Victory," is inscribed to George Moore:

Down the white steps, into the night, she came;
Wearing white roses, lit by the full moon:
And white upon the shadowy lawn she stood,
Waiting and watching for the dawn's first flame,
Over the dark and visionary wood.
Down the white steps, into the night, she came;
Wearing white roses, lit by the full moon.

Night died away: and over the deep wood
Widened a rosy cloud, a chilly flame:
The shadowy lawn grew cold, and clear, and white.
Then down she drew against her eyes her hood,
To hide away the inexorable light.
Night died away: and over the deep wood
Widened a rosy cloud, a chilly flame.

Then back she turned, and up the white steps came,
And looked into a room of burning lights.
Still slept her loveless husband his brute sleep,
Beside the comfortless and ashen flame:
Her lover waited, where the wood was deep.
She turned not back; but from the white steps came,
And went into the room of burning lights.

O. W. Firkins.

Literature

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Forty Years in Constantinople. The Recollections of Sir Edwin Pears, 1873-1915. With Sixteen Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $5 net.

If it be not the most interesting of all Old World cities, Constantinople is certainly the most singular and most fascinating. It has a site comparable for beauty to Rio de Janeiro and for commercial advantages to New York. It has a history which during the last sixteen centuries has been extraordinarily varied and almost always exciting; and it presents to-day a strange contrast of the barbarism and cruelty of a Central Asiatic tribe with a veneer of Western civilization. No other capital has seen so many crimes or has harbored a more diversified crowd of ruffians from all the neighboring countries. It has been a favorite home of intrigue, and its crooked lanes of intrigue have mostly ended in murder. In this city Sir Edwin Pears has lived as a lawyer more than forty years, practicing in the European consular courts and corresponding with a leading London newspaper, so if any one should know what the social and political conditions of the place are, it is certainly he.

His book is not a treatise like his previous work, "Turkey and Its People," but a mass of reminiscences relating to men and things that came within his own personal knowledge. These throw a good deal of light, both on Turkish and on European notabilities, and particularly on the long series of Turkish Grand Viziers and the still more fleeting series of British, French, Russian, Austrian, German, Italian, and American Ambassadors, whose incessant rivalries and intrigues on behalf of their respective countries have made up most of the history of Turkey during the last seventy years. They are like a moving-picture show, in which all of the figures vanish one by one, some sooner, some later, to be replaced by others till memory grows confused over the quick succession. In the midst stands one unchanging figure, permanent for thirty-two years (1876 to 1908) as absolute monarch of the Ottoman Empire. It is a most repulsive figure. Abdul Hamid II was the descendant (or at least the successor) of Othman, the successor of the fiery Bajazet, the mighty Mohammed the Conqueror, the terrible Selim, the magnificent Soliman. In all the line of Sultans there was none who surpassed him in cruelty, falsehood, tyranny, and rapacity. He had not even the one redeeming virtue of physical courage, but showed himself through his career, and most of all when it ended (see p. 286), a craven coward. Yet this contemptible scoundrel was not only honored as a dear friend by the German Emperor William the Second, who, to be sure, had political reasons for his friendliness, but complimented and flattered by men of consequence in Western Europe, even after he had, in 1895-6, massacred more than one hundred thousand of his Christian subjects.

Among the Ambassadors of European Powers mentioned in the book, two stand out as persons of conspicuous force. One was the British Sir William White, who was far and away the most capable man for the particular work he had to do that England ever sent to Constantinople, though the list includes persons so eminent as Stratford Canning, Layard, Goschen, and Dufferin. His knowledge of the East was unrivalled. He had great industry and self-control and tact, knowing when to show patience and wheedle the Turks, and when to frighten them by judicious outbursts of temper. If his life is ever written, it ought to be full of interest. He was a close friend of the ablest and best-informed American who has lived in Turkey in our time, the late Dr. Washburn, for many years president of Robert College, an American institution which has done more for the East than all the envoys that the European Powers have ever sent there. Many references to that excellent man and to Dr. Long, also of Robert College, occur in these pages. The other great Ambassador was Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, who represented Germany at Constantinople during the later years (down to 1912), when the Emperor William was making strenuous efforts to establish his influence there, and who had more than any one else to do with carrying that policy to success. Baron Marschall's immense force of character, coupled with a thorough knowledge of the conditions he had to deal with, gave him a control like

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that which Stratford Canning had established in the days of the Crimean War when England was backing the Turks against Russia, in pursuance of the traditional policy she unluckily continued to follow down to 1880, when Mr. Gladstone came into power and put the ship about. Thenceforth the Sultan hated and feared England.

Readers of this book will be amazed that any enlightened European nation could have supposed it possible to maintain the Turkish Government, of whose amazing corruption and stupidity so many instances are given here, as an independent Power, or that any Christian nations could have tolerated its abominable and constantly renewed cruelties to its Christian subjects. But just as England and France supported it against Russia in the middle of the last century, so the French and German press, with the approval of their respective Governments, did their best to deny or minimize the frightful massacres of 1895-6, of which Sir E. Pears has a good deal to say in this book. These were, according to him, too much even for the Turcophile European colonies in Constantinople itself. A stranger illustration of the way in which political prejudice will blind men's minds, not only to all moral considerations, but to the plainest teachings of experience, could not be desired than is furnished by the attitude of these European colonies towards the Turks on the one hand and the Eastern Christians on the other. The faults of the latter, evident as they are, were palpably due to long centuries of slavery, while those of the Turkish administration were no less palpably incurable, the best proof of which is that they have shown themselves just as pernicious under the Young Turks since the revolution of 1908 as they were under Abdul Hamid himself.

The account of this revolution given in the later chapters of the book will be one of its most useful parts to those American readers who have, under the flood of war news which has swept over the world during the last eighteen months, begun to forget the events which led up to the catastrophe. Abdul Hamid's misgovernment, and especially the intolerable pressure of the spy system by which he ruled, had created conspiracies against him among the more enlightened Muslims. There were formed secret committees of Turkish exiles in Paris and of discontented men in Salonica, Jews and military officers being prominent in the latter. Discontent spread rapidly through the troops till it emerged in an open revolt at Monastir, which the Third Army Corps, stationed at Salonica, refused to suppress. Thereupon the Sultan ordered the forces at Smyrna to proceed to quell the mutiny. As this would have obliged Muslims to fight with Muslims, a question of the Sheriat, or Sacred Law of Islam, arose. Was the order lawful and such as the army ought to obey? The conspirators had apparently provided for this contingency, for when the Sultan submitted the question to the highest legal authority, a judge and ecclesiastic who enjoyed great respect, the latter issued a *Fetwa*, or formal decision, to the effect that the demands of the insurgents for redress of grievances were reasonable, so that military action against them could not be justified. This was checkmate to the Sultan. Thereupon the chiefs of the army telegraphed to Abdul Hamid summoning him to reëstablish the Constitution of 1876, or abdicate. He trembled and gave way, most reluctantly convoked the Parliament which had been in abeyance for thirty years, and presently promulgated the Constitution. The church (if one can talk of a church in Islam) had failed him, and the army had failed him. Sir E. Pears adds a curious detail. When the Sultan received the summons of the rebels, he hesitated for two days, and all his counsellors feared to give him the unwelcome advice which they knew to be needed. At last one suggested that the Court Astrologer should be called. That wily old man appeared, and at last, probably feeling himself protected by his profession, ventured to tell his master that there was nothing for it but submission (pp. 234-5).

This bloodless revolution of July, 1908, though it installed in power the rebel leaders, who called themselves the Committee of Union and Progress, left Abdul Hamid still on the throne. But nine months later a reactionary movement in his favor broke out in Constantinople. It was quelled, after some fighting, by the advance of the army of Salonica, and the Committee, believing, like everybody else, that it had been encouraged by the Sultan, determined to be rid of him. He was deposed and sent a prisoner to Salonica, a spectacle of abject terror, while his feeble brother, whom he had kept a prisoner for more than thirty years, was set up to reign in his stead. Practical power remained, as it does to-day, with the Committee, in which those two notorious authors of the Armenian massacres, Talaat and Enver, are said to be now supreme.

These massacres are too recent to fall within the compass of the book, which ends with the author's departure from Constantinople shortly after Turkey had entered the war. But the earlier performances of the Turks in this way of dealing with their Christian subjects are described. Sir E. Pears was one of those who did most to bring to light and tell Europe of the atrocious massacre of Bulgarians in 1876, which brought on the war with Russia that liberated the greater part of that people. But for the blindness of Lord Beaconsfield, then Prime Minister in England, who insisted on having the Treaty of San Stefano set aside, the whole Bulgarian race would have been included. Our author exposes a grave misstatement made to Parliament by that statesman, who, having become a Turcophile when he travelled as a youth in the East, learned nothing from subsequent observation of the facts. Seldom has a better collection been made than these pages contain of anecdotes to show how Turks govern. We are told that in 1873 no contract could be obtained from the Administration except by bribery, and no judgment would be recorded in favor of a litigant unless he had given presents to the judge. All through Abdul Hamid's reign there was only one method of governing Mohammedans, and only one of governing Christians. The former were watched by spies, on whose reports any one suspected of liberal opinions was seized and either killed or deported. When a conspiracy among the latter was suspected, the whole population was slaughtered. "The Turks," says our author, "have never recognized any other way of governing a subject people except by savage methods of repression. . . . As a private man the Turk has traits of kindliness, simplicity, and generosity which make him lovable. It is only when he is acting as one in authority, and when the damnable spirit of fanaticism takes possession of him, that he becomes a savage beast. Even when such spirit is rampant, it is well under control by Government. The massacres took place in Bulgaria by order, as they did subsequently in other places. Even after Messrs. Schuyler and Baring had issued their terrible reports confirming what I had stated about Bulgaria, the great cry among the governing classes was to punish all who had given information either to those gentlemen or to me" (p. 60).

CURRENT FICTION.

The Accolade. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Over each new book of Miss Sidgwick's, as over each new book of Mrs. Wharton's and Mrs. de Selincourt's (Anne Douglas Sedgwick), we find ourselves wondering what, stripped of manner, it would really amount to? For these three novelists all have manner, and pretty much the same manner—the sophisticated, elegant, post-Jacobite manner, the manner, as it were, of the literary drawing-room. They are thorough mistresses of it, seldom fail to employ it with a certain effectiveness, and yet one always feels it as in a way detachable, a thing deliberately if skilfully assumed, a style in the modist's rather than the artist's sense. To the foible of a cultivated subtlety it lends itself with special ease. In "The Accolade," as in "Duke Jones," we are aware, painfully at times, of an ardor for effects contesting for supremacy with the writer's indubitable ardor for interpretation.

Though not a sequel to "Duke Jones," the present narrative renews our contact with the same social order and even with the same family connection. The Violet Shovell whom we there knew as a bride is still a young wife, and has her important part in the later action. But the focus of interest is here shifted to certain members of the younger Ingestre line (Violet may be recalled as a daughter of the elder), more particularly young John Ingestre and his wife Ursula. That Shovell himself is in this story a purely background figure—is hardly accorded a "line"—may be due to the fact

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that he would have served ill as foil to "Johnny." Both exemplify that emotional, whimsical type of young Briton who is, if we are to believe the novelists, so genuinely a type in twentieth-century England. With Shovell, to be sure, it is a type of temperament and manner rather than of conduct—he is a steady fellow at bottom. Young John Ingestre is a born nonconformist, and the exactions of his martinet of a father urge him to insubordination. He has the makings of an artist, and at eighteen refuses Oxford for London and the chances of an actor's career. Three years later, out of devotion for his invalid mother, he comes to heel, returns to the Ingestre fold, and permits himself to be engaged and married to the eligible and rather prim and stupid Ursula. Here the action proper begins: it shows "Johnny" as a social trifler and mild amorist, rather despising his conventional wife, and thirsty for something real in his life. In due time a great passion comes to him, for a good girl in her bloom, who is ready to sacrifice her future for love. In the end his breeding and latent strength of character inhibit a happiness so won, and we leave him fairly deserving his accolade—the perfect gentle knight. For him, through self-sacrifice, a moderate human allotment of happiness, with the wife who after all loves him, may yet be in store. It is a theme, clearly, which requires, as it receives, subtle handling: what we are surmising is that such handling has been hampered as much as aided by Miss Sidgwick's self-conscious subtlety of manner.

The Real Adventure. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

This is a serious effort by a writer whose work hitherto has been chiefly marketable and popular rather than serious. Its style is natural and forcible: its weakness lies in too great facility and a sort of determined colloquialism. Even at its best, the magazine type has limitations. You can't (as Mr. Webster would say) count on buttonholing people for six hundred pages. But at its best it is utterly free, at least, from the "literary" taint. The people in this book talk with extraordinary ease and naturalness; not one of them recognizably imitates the accent of his author—or the accent of any other author. Though very long, the narrative never slackens its easy pace: if the story-teller pauses for a moment to make a remark or record an impression, he is often uncommonly well worth listening to. For example:

This is one of the comforts that many a member of the favored, chauffeur-driven, servant-attended class lives his life in ignorance of, the nervous relief that comes from ceasing, for a while, to be an isolated, sharply bounded, perfectly visible entity, and subsiding, indistinguishably, into a mere mass of humanity; in being nobody for a while. It was a want which, in the old days before his marriage, Rodney had often, unconsciously, felt and gratified. He had enjoyed being herded about, riding in crowded street-cars, working his way through the press in the downtown streets during the noon hour.

As for the story itself, it is too clearly a story with a plan, a "novel of ideas." One has an odd feeling that these are real persons forced to "act out of their parts," frustrate by the tyranny of their creator's purpose. Through the first fifty pages of our acquaintance with Rose Stanton and Rodney Aldrich, we are amazed at their vitality and verisimilitude. But the moment Mr. Webster begins to develop his idea, they begin to suffer vainly in its name. Between the Rodney Aldrich and the Rose Stanton we have learned to believe in, these gross misunderstandings and negations of sympathy which are supposed to set in immediately after their marriage could not have existed. With persons of dull mind and coarse-grained instincts they could and do; therefore, to fit his case, Mr. Webster has not scrupled to murder his lovable young pair, and put two dull-minded, coarse-grained dummies in their places. His idea is this: that any attraction between a man and a woman is a sex attraction which ordinarily must satisfy itself by "long circuit"; marriage provides the short circuit, and when that is once provided the man and the woman commonly discover what they had never suspected under the teasing conditions of the "long circuit"—that they have little or nothing but sex instinct in common. The woman suffers most from this, since marriage is her occupation. Therefore, the chief burden of stupidity and crass insensibility must be put upon the shoulders of our Rodney Aldrich, and his reward must be that Rose obtain and keep the whip-hand, as a condition of their friendship. There is much that is suggestive, there are many fragments of truth, involved in Mr. Webster's narrative; but we cannot believe his story, because he has enslaved it to a theory, because he has stultified his human figures in order—to interpret life!

Netherleigh. By W. Riley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A hero is postulated, who up to his twenty-fifth birthday had not extended his acquaintance outside of books beyond his father, his mother, and his physician. This is explained by his having been born with a bad heart, for which the family doctor had prescribed complete and perpetual rest. After a quarter of a century of this treatment the family doctor retires, and his successor changes the prescription. Observation of life at first hand to be taken in moderation, and small doses of actual participation are ordered. The docile patient readily learns to chat with the housemaid—attends his mother's day at home—and before long is driving forth in a pony cart to scan the country-side. He soon resolves to get well. "Why should I be the victim of anything so paltry as a defective valve?" he demands of himself. And real life agrees with him, in spite of occasional setbacks; Yorkshire abounds in human interest; his circle of friends swiftly widens; everybody has a life history and he needs must collect them all. It is an easy formula for patching a story out of shreds of local observation. The net result is not enlivening, in spite of more than enough happy courtships and the interjection of several fortuitous events involving force and violence.

"JUDÆO-CHRISTIAN" SOCIALISM.

Marxian Socialism and Religion. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.

Mr. Spargo is anxious to prove that "Marxian Socialism" is entirely compatible with religious belief, and more particularly with the essentials of what he calls the "Judæo-Christian religions." Naturally, in a discussion of this sort, definitions are of the utmost importance. He presents as the "cardinal religious principles" of the various sects the following:

(a) The belief in and worship of God, ruler of the universe. (b) The belief that man has a spiritual being or soul which is indestructible by death and immortal. (c) The belief that man's highest good and happiness, both mortal and immortal, depend upon his living according to the ascertainable will and pleasure of God. (d) The belief that, as the brotherhood of man is based on the fatherhood of God, the highest social good can only be achieved by obedience to God's will (p. 34).

It is unnecessary to discuss the adequacy or accuracy of this definition; it is Mr. Spargo's and will do quite well enough for the purpose. The question is whether "Marxian Socialism" is compatible with these beliefs. Mr. Spargo does not define the "Marxian" brand of Socialism for us in its essentials as carefully as he has seemingly attempted to define religion. But he has—we gratefully acknowledge—accurately apprehended the important point, and that is that the question whether or not "Marxian Socialism" is determinist is the question at issue, for no determinist system can be reconciled with religion as he defines it. On page 84 he says:

Moreover, if it is claimed that the *sole* determining factor in social evolution is economic, that spiritual forces, including religion and ethics, never exert any influence upon the social process except in a secondary way as reflecting material forces, religion must reject the claim. Such a theory strikes at the very heart of religion.

Assuredly it does. Now what are the facts as regards "Marxian Socialism"? Mr. Spargo insists that what he calls the "historical materialism" of Marx must be entirely dissociated from the "philosophic materialism" which Marx and most of his disciples professed. We are to consider only his "economic interpretation of history" and its allied doctrines of the "class struggle" and "surplus value" as they stand by themselves apart from philosophical considerations and from the opinions of individuals. These three doctrines are the system of "Marxian Socialism," or what Mr. Spargo calls his

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"sociological synthesis," and of these three the all-important doctrine is the "economic interpretation." Here is Mr. Spargo's own view—one can hardly call it a definition, but it is the nearest thing to a definition that one can find—of the doctrine:

> Historical materialism is the theory or doctrine that the methods of production, distribution, and exchange, and all the institutions and social relations which these involve, together with such physical factors as race, climate, geographical position, and fertility of soil, constitute the economic environment which is the predominant factor in social evolution. As the basis of the entire superstructure of society, this economic environment is the principal, but not the exclusive, determinant force in the evolution of political institutions, laws, ethics, philosophy, æsthetics, and even of religious conceptions. But in accordance with the great law of natural causality, that every effect is the resultant of various concurrent causes and not of any one single cause, and that every effect becomes in turn a cause of other phenomena, it is a necessary part of the theory that the various results of the economic environment in the form of political institutions, laws, ethical codes, philosophical theories, æsthetic ideas, religious views, and so on, become active causes, reacting upon one another and upon the economic environment which produced them, functioning as co-determinants of social evolution. Because these co-determinants can only function within the limits of the economic environment, and are therefore subject to it, they must be regarded as secondary and subordinate factors. (Pp. 63, 64.)

We gather from this that "economic environment" is the *predominant factor* in social evolution. It is also the *"principal but not the exclusive determinant force* in the evolution of political institutions, laws, ethics, philosophy, æsthetics, and even of religious conceptions," which things we may for convenience, and following the common Socialist terminology, call the "ideologies." These "ideologies," however, a sentence later, appear as *'various results of the economic environment,'* and also as "active causes reacting upon one another *and upon the economic environment which produced them.*" And in the concluding sentence of the paragraph quoted it is stated that, as these same "ideologies" *'can only function within the limits of the economic environment and are therefore subject to it, they must be regarded as secondary and subordinate factors.* Now, while it may be regarded as a perverse and meticulous proceeding to hold a "scientific Socialist" writer to an ordinary standard of terminological precision, we cannot help asking Mr. Spargo whether his own definition of Marxian historical materialism on pages 63 and 64 does not, to use his own phrase quoted from page 84, on his own statement, "strike at the very heart of religion," and thereby destroy his case. After all, words are supposed to have meanings, and to be used in those meanings. He tells us that if the "ideologies" *"never exert any influence upon the social process except in a secondary way as reflecting material forces,"* religion must reject the theory —and this after the statements quoted (and italicized by us) above! For what class of readers does Mr. Spargo write? one must wonder.

Mr. Spargo will doubtless, with proper indignation, and sweeping away of all such petty technicalities as these, invite us to notice that he has expressly said that the economic environment was *"the principal but not the exclusive determinant force"* in the evolution of the "ideologies," and he certainly has so said it. But that is all he *has* said about the *not exclusive* part of it. Nowhere in his book does he say what other "determinants" are concerned in the production of the ideologies. Nowhere does he adduce a passage from Marx or Engel which can be even plausibly twisted to show that these ideologies were regarded by them as anything other than "intermediate" terms in a series of causes and effects resting upon the "economic environment" as a base. Moreover, it is abundantly clear that Mr. Spargo himself, apart from an occasional "saving clause" such as that quoted, treats the "ideology" of religion at all events as such an intermediate term in the series. The sixth section of chapter iv makes this evident, where he considers the bearing of "economic environment" on religion. "Religion," he says, "is not something apart from and independent of human thought and knowledge. It cannot be subtracted from the general life of mankind and regarded as being independent of the general evolution of mankind and the laws governing that evolution. Religious conceptions are subject to change. Even if we believe that their essence is unchanging and independent of time, place, and material conditions, we must concede that their forms change and are responsive to changes of time and place and material conditions" (p. 93).

Let us see what Mr. Spargo means by a change in "forms" as opposed to "essences." Listen to this:

> And in still more subtle ways, as yet but dimly perceived, the industrialism and the democracy of modern life have reacted upon our religious beliefs and perceptions. Miss Scudder, with fine insight, has attributed the growth of immanential, as opposed to transcendental, ideas of God to the advance of democracy. It was natural for democracy to abandon the idea of God as a monarch ruling the universe. It was equally natural for it to develop the conception of an Immanent Spirit. Such a conception flowed naturally out of the experience of the struggle which shattered the "divine right of kings," deprived aristocracy of its political supremacy, and substituted for the direct personal rule of the many by the few the supremacy of an impersonal collective consciousness. Modern science has emphasized that conception of the Immanent God. (Pp. 114-115.)

"Forms" — "essences" — "transcendental"—"immanent"—has Mr. Spargo the vaguest apprehension of what these words mean and the significance of the distinctions that they imply? And even if he has not, even if he supposes that the doctrine of "Immanence" is an invention of "democracy," even if he supposes that what he calls "modern science" has anything whatever to say about it, how could he write the words about abandonment by democracy of the "idea of God as a monarch ruling the universe" without at least suspecting that they were utterly inconsistent with the first of his own selected "cardinal religious principles," *viz.*, "the belief and worship of God, ruler of the universe"? Again, one must ask, to what order of minds does he suppose himself to be making an appeal?

There is no profit in further discussion of a book like this. It is an irritating mass of pretentious sophistries which, one must suppose, would be equally revolting to the honest "Marxian" and the honest "believer." As every one who is acquainted with the subject knows, it is precisely the "determinist" character of "Marxian Socialism" which gives it its "scientific" character and distinguishes it from all the various "Utopian" and "ethical" brands, which it was Marx's boast to have destroyed. And it is precisely this determinist element in it which separates it by an impassable gulf from religion.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

Electoral Reform in England and Wales: The Development and Operation of the Parliamentary Franchise, 1832-1885. By Charles Seymour. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50 net.

The principal title of Professor Seymour's excellent book is perhaps a less accurate description of its contents than the subtitle. "Impressed by the difficulty of obtaining exact information upon the effects of the reforms in the electoral franchise," he undertook the study originally as a doctoral dissertation, but very wisely did not print it in that presumably incomplete form. It "makes no claim to be a history of the popular movement for parliamentary reform," but aims at a "clear statement of electoral conditions and the democratic development resulting from the reforms in the franchise, distribution of seats, registration, and methods of electioneering." In other words, Professor Seymour has described for us, not what the reforms were theoretically expected to accomplish, but what they did in actual practice accomplish.

It was a difficult task, but one which needed much to be done. The movement for parliamentary reform has been often and very fully, if not always satisfactorily, described; the personal and party interests and rivalries attending the formulation and passing of the various bills have been set forth in great detail, and the bills themselves have been analyzed and assessed from every point of view. But in many textbooks and popular histories it has been taken altogether too much for granted that the Reform Bill of 1832, for example, did what a well-meaning Providence sent it into the world to do: transferred political power from the upper to the middle class; largely purified politics by abolishing the nomi-

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nation boroughs and enlarging the electorate; was a first well-considered and altogether wise step in the establishment of democracy in England.

Now, Professor Seymour is no raging iconoclast, throwing down all our consecrated idols. Indeed, the Reform Bill, as an idol, has suffered a good deal of miscellaneous chipping since the days of Macaulay; and in recent years there have been few, at least among historians, to bow down before it. Professor Seymour has left it standing very much where he found it; and perhaps the thing he has essentially done is to make it quite clear that the Reform Bill, if it still remains, for all the chipping, a notable object in the gallery of English institutions, is after all not something to be worshipped as symbolical of a force not ourselves that makes for liberty.

And this effect is produced quite as much by his manner as by his matter. He has regarded his subject in a strictly pragmatic fashion. It is the essence of his method not to be concerned with theories which work their effects "over the heads of men," but to be concerned with the concrete situation in minute detail, with the changes that from time to time occurred in this situation, and with the immediate multiplied and conflicting influences that were everywhere actually operating. It is a method involving immense research, the labor of which Professor Seymour has in no way shirked, and one which does not lend itself to easy generalization, or to conclusions that have the tone if not the effect of finality. If the author has all the appearance of being master of his facts, it is not because he enlists them in the service of any preconception or indiscriminately presses them into the obscurity of ready-made categories.

For this very reason, to summarize the conclusions of the book is extremely difficult, the conclusions are so much a matter of detail, so involved in the texture of the exposition. From the exhaustive analysis of the actual operation of the Reform Bill of 1832, perhaps the most general conclusion to be drawn is that the aristocracy essentially retained control of the situation for another generation, or longer. Corruption and intimidation, as they were, from the point of view of the great landowners, more necessary on account of the abolition of the nomination boroughs, appear to have increased rather than to have diminished after 1832; and this fact, together with the complication of the new franchises, the influence of registration authorities, and perhaps the indifference of the new voters, gave to the middle class a power that was "often . . . merely titular." It is well known that Grote retired from Parliament because it was no good "defending Whig conservatism against Tory conservatism." Indeed, the chief effect of the reform of 1832 seems to have been that it "determined the supremacy of the lower over the upper House"; initiative and control remained as before with Whig and Tory landowners. Not until the reform of 1867 did their power begin to be seriously undermined. With the electorate so greatly enlarged, it was inevitable that the representative should fall more and more "wholly into the power of his constituency." Yet this result was not clearly manifested until "the extension of the franchise to the counties in 1884, the drastic redistribution of the following year, the elimination of the worst of corrupt practices, and the granting of control of registration to the democratic party organizations."

Of a still more general nature is another conclusion, which may be drawn from the work of Professor Seymour, and one which should be extremely useful in allaying the hot animosities engendered at the present time between the advocates and the opponents of woman's suffrage; the conclusion, namely, that the extension of the suffrage, itself an effect quite as much as a cause of democracy, was found to be no panacea for the ills of society or of any class in it. If we may predict the future by the experience of the past, it is safe to say that giving women the right (or the privilege, as you will) of voting will neither confer those great benefits which the suffragists count on nor incur those grave ills which the "antis" are prepared to meet with becoming fortitude.

APOLLO TRAVELS.

Letters from America. By Rupert Brooke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

No young poet should find this world a really habitable place. The very reason for his existence is that he should feel the continual contrast between his visions of the beautiful and the sordid reality. Certainly the last thing he might be expected to approve is the commercial civilization of America. Certain aspects of America came under the eye of Rupert Brooke on his pilgrimage to far-off Samoa, in 1913; and he recorded his disapproval in a series of articles contributed to a London journal. They are not "letters" in the proper sense of the term, which implies a confidential carelessness; they are deliberate records of the reactions of travel upon an artist's temperament; and they were prepared for the eye of a special public.

Every community is interested in learning how the local gods impress the distinguished stranger; and local patriots always yearn to take him by the hand and show him just what he ought to see. Left to his own devices, he is freakish, and rarely sees what he ought to see, or at the proper angle. For example, there is a plenty of art, literature, religion, human kindness in New York, but Rupert Brooke's chief discovery was how screamingly funny were the electric sky-signs. It is good for the soul of New York to be "ragged" by a young genius, just emancipated from college, who had not outgrown the blithe, cool impudence of the typical undergraduate. Every one remembers how the temperament of Gorky reacted to contact with New York; and even the traveller who is neither a novelist nor a poet sometimes shares the feelings of both. Brooke's briefest characterization of the great city is "hellish." On the steamer which bore him to it he was fortunate enough to meet some Americans who had stepped straight out of the pages of "Martin Chuzzlewit."

Of Boston he saw little; but he was impressed by its dignity, its finished culture, and its aristocratic disdain of the mutable, rank-scented many. The costume of the baseball players, the concerted cheering at a great Harvard match, impressed him more deeply, as well as "the spectacle of the representatives of the universities endeavoring to frustrate or unnerve their opponents, at moments of excitement, by cries of derision and mockery." He has flashes of insight. No Harvard man will object to the characterization of his university as "a spirit, a way of looking at things, austerely refined, gently moral, kindly."

Curiously enough, this lyric Apollo found Canada more to his taste than Boston or New York. His Harvard friends warned him against it as "a country without a soul"; but, possibly from natural perversity, he was not seldom pleased with what he found in "that Philistine bleakness." He gives Canadian cities good marks: Montreal because the disorder of its backyards made him homesick, and Ottawa because it is not commercial. He was impressed by the beauty of the Parliament buildings, which have just been swept by fire. "They have dignity, especially of line; and when evening hides their color, and the western sky and the river take on the lovely hues of a Canadian sunset, and the lights begin to come out in the city, they seem to have the majesty and calm of a natural crown of the river headland." He shows himself to be a very sensitive observer, not only seeing, but feeling, things which escape the blunted perceptions of the ordinary globe-trotter. In the capital of the Dominion, he recognized "a certain graciousness—dim for it expresses a barely materialized national spirit." The phrase is both apt and true. Quebec, the incomparable, charmed him, as it charms every traveller; and no one has enmeshed the spirit of the place in a subtler net of words: "It was the perfection of a summer morning, thrilling with a freshness which, the fancy said, was keener than any the old world knew. And high and gray and serene above the morning lay the citadel of Quebec. Is there any city in the world that stands so nobly as Quebec? . . . She has indeed the radiance and repose of an immortal, but she wears her immortality youthfully." Of Toronto, he writes: "It is impossible to give it anything but commendation. . . . It is all right. The only depressing thing is that it will always be what it is, and that no Canadian city can ever be anything better or different. If they are good they may become Toronto."

Into other less amiable aspects of Canada—corruption of politics, undue influence

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of capitalists, real estate booming—he displays uncanny insight, and he condemns them with true British candor. Canadians should heed his criticism. But where he really finds himself, where he is exquisite and unsurpassable is in his descriptions of Canadian scenery. The lake in the haunted Gatineau, the inland sea of Ontario in a flat calm, the awful chasm of the Saguenay, Niagara—the river above the fall, the plunge, the mad whirlpools below—the Rockies, the lonely virginal lands outside the western cities are delicately and truly touched with words that make them pictures. Here at last the poet reaches home:

> He is made one with Nature; there is heard
> His voice in all her music.

These light, young "letters" are weighted with a laudatory preface by Mr. Henry James of some forty pages in his characteristic style.

Notes

A biography of Samuel W. McCall, by Lawrence B. Evans, is announced for early publication by Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Shepherd of the North," by Aumerle Maher, is published this week by the Macmillan Co.

The Century Co. announces the forthcoming publication of the following: "A Cathedral Singer," by James Lane Allen; "Where the Path Breaks," by Charles de Crespigny; "From Pillar to Post," by John Kendrick Bangs, and "The Imperial Impulse," by Samuel P. Orth.

The following volumes are included in the announcements for March of Frederick A. Stokes Co.: "The Confession," by Maxim Gorky; "The Fifth Wheel," by Olive Higgins Prouty; "Maurice Maeterlinck, Poet and Philosopher," by Macdonald Clark; "The Honeysuckle," by Gabriele d'Annunzio; "Bernard Shaw, the Twentieth Century Molière," by Augustus Hamon; "Foster's Auction Bridge for All," by R. F. Foster; "Chats on Old Silver," by Arthur Hayden; "The Japanese Crisis," by James A. B. Scherer; "Oliver Cromwell" (in the Heroes of All Time series).

From the Oxford University Press we have received the convenient Oxford edition of Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," with illustrations by Charles Keene and M. Sankey.

Who's Who for 1916 has just appeared in the sixty-eighth year of its issue (Macmillan; $4). It is perhaps unnecessary to remind our readers of the great value of this work for reference, or of the fact that though published in England it contains the names and brief histories of persons of other nationalities.

Macmillans have also published the 1916 issue of another reference work whose worth has been firmly established, the American Whitaker Almanac and Encyclopedia. As is generally known, it records by means of convenient indexes "facts concerning the trade, production, population, government, and general statistics of every State" in the Union, as well as statistics on every country in the world. A special section provides an historical compendium of the great war thus far.

Like many another Englishman above the fighting age, the Poet Laureate has on occasions sought comfort in these days of "insensate and interminable slaughter" from "the seers and poets of mankind," and now has published his preferences in an attractive volume entitled "The Spirit of Man: An Anthology in English and French from the Philosophers and Poets" (Longmans, Green; $1.50 net). The contents are arranged according to subjects in four large sections having subdivisions, and, that the reader may not be distracted from the substance by the names of the authors, identifications are consigned to an index. This will prove annoying to some and a source of entertainment to those who like the harmless game called Who wrote thus and so? The title of the book is a trifle misleading, for, though English and French are the languages of the text, selections in English translations from writers of other nationalities, for example, Thucydides and Spinoza, are also included. As this is professedly a volume recording the author's own preferences, and not all of them, it is not to be judged upon the basis of completeness; but for its quality and variety it may be cordially recommended.

Putnams have recently published Volume IV of the late Lester F. Ward's "Glimpses of the Cosmos" ($2.50 net). For the information of those unfamiliar with Volumes I, II, and III, it should be said that the "Glimpses of the Cosmos" are really glimpses of Dr. Ward. In the words of the advertisement on the jacket, they "record the evolution of his brain." Four more volumes are to be added, so that ultimately no one interested in the evolution of Dr. Ward's brain need go unsatisfied. The volumes comprise all the minor contributions of the distinguished sociologist, now republished, "together with biographical and historical sketches of all his writings"—all of which were prepared for publication by the author shortly before his death. Each article is numbered and the date of its writing, the date of its publication, and the author's age at the time are scrupulously recorded. Not quite all Dr. Ward's writings are reprinted, but each is duly noted, numbered, and dated. Thus the present volume includes Nos. 195-348, which were written in the period 1885-1893, and between the ages of forty-four and fifty-two. No glimpse that Dr. Ward ever got of the cosmos is omitted—including, for example, No. 282, "January (?) 1891, *Ætat.* 49. Bibliography (of his own writings) for the year ending June 30, 1888. History: Written in July, 1888," and *Opus* 341, "May, 1893, *Ætat.* 51. Resolutions on the Death of George Vasey. History: Written March 6, 1893." It is indeed hard to comprehend how a man of Dr. Ward's intelligence could suppose that any considerable number of readers would be so interested in the evolution of his brain as to care to know his exact age when he wrote the many one-page book notices or the short advertisements so solemnly recorded, numbered, and dated in this eight-volume "Mental Autobiography."

The Oxford University Press has begun a series of Histories of Belligerents with "The Evolution of Prussia," by J. A. R. Marriott and C. Grant Robertson. A history of the arch-enemy by two Oxford dons, written, at least in part, since the outbreak of the war! Apprehensions lest a book of these origins reveal again the false perspectives of its time are balanced by confidence in two historians of good repute, and that confidence is largely justified. The authors are uncompromising in their opposition to Prussian policies, as in the conclusion of the chapter on Frederick the Great (p. 165): "For these builders [*i. e.*, the later rulers of Prussia], as for Frederick, the sovereign and creative principle was the power and interest of Prussia, superior to and independent of every consideration. The service of Prussia was the sum of citizenship; and to that service all other goods or ideals, whatever their intrinsic value, must be sacrificed, no matter what the cost to the individual might be. Between this conception and the British conception of the state reconciliation is impossible, for the two have their origin, derive their authority, and clinch their conclusions in fundamentally opposed interpretations of life." But this fundamental British hostility does not prevent the authors from being judicial: "By his own subjects the death of Frederick William III was truly mourned. To them he had endeared himself by his unaffected piety, his modesty, his kindliness, his transparent honesty, and not least by the memory of sufferings shared with his people. His intelligence was narrow and his character weak, but it must not be forgotten that during the latter half of his long reign a marvellous transformation had been effected alike in the internal condition and in the external position of his country" (p. 303). In short, "The Evolution of Prussia" is a valuable book in a time of need. No other English treatment of the subject shows equal learning and philosophic insight. Especially good are the chapters on Frederick the Great and the remaking of Prussia under Stein, 1807-1815. Indeed, we may wait long before the appearance of another book which presents so well, within three hundred pages, the origin and growth of Prussia down to 1848.

At the same time, even in these pages the reader will not always find perfect consistency. For example, most readers will agree that on Prussia's part "the Treaty of Basel was a conspicuous illustration of personal bad faith and political pusillanimity" (p. 192), but, agreeing to this, will they also agree with the authors that Prussia's conduct on that occasion was not foolish (p. 181)? The weakness of the book consists in such inconsistencies as this, in the too frequent evidence of haste, especially in the later chapters, in regard to spelling, facts, and conclusions. Which shall it be: Petrograd (p. 100) or Petersburg (p. 226)? Gortschakoff (p. 403) or Gortchakoff (p. 407)? The analysis of Frederick William IV (p. 306) is almost as contradictory as that unhappy monarch himself. Nor may one fittingly assert on one page (390), in order to score a point against the domination of the army, that "Bismarck's function was to provide the necessary funds and the necessary legislation determined by the military authorities," and two pages farther on, in order to mark the domination of the Iron Chancellor, that "Bismarck demanded subjection to his will, surrender of soul and brain to the master." The estimate of "5,500,000 votes" for the Social Democrats in 1913 (p. 414) is too high by at least a mil-

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lion. The Reichstag was not dissolved in 1890 (p. 420); the elections of that year were held in due course of time. In respect of style the book leaves little to be desired; it is lucid and for the most part entertaining, though like most English historical writing of the present time the style tends to become rigid. The maps amply fulfil their purpose, "the elucidation of the text"; the bibliographical references are usually well chosen, and the index is very carefully prepared.

In "Social Freedom" (Putnam; $1 net) Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons makes a "study of the conflicts between social classifications and personality." From time immemorial human beings have viewed themselves as constituting categories, distinguished by age, sex, kin, and caste. There has been also a fellowship of place or neighborhood; and friendships have been formed largely within these categories. But with the emergence of personality there is present in the field that which is calculated gradually to dissolve all the traditional and fetishistic elements in the social classification. Age, sex, and the rest, "as factors in personality . . . will have to be reckoned with, but as social barriers they will be negligible. The freest possible contact between personalities will be recognized as the *raison d'être* for society, and to the developing of personal relationships will be turned the energies spent in the past upon blocking and hindering them." Then "the archaic categories will seem but the dreams of a confused and uneasy sleep, nightmares to be forgotten with the new day." In a word, convention is going to break down and there is to be social freedom.

We suppose that Mrs. Parsons, as a result of her careful study of the early stages of society's evolution, realizes not only the toughness of age-long convention, but also the essential soundness of many of its provisions —precepts that were never reasoned out and so adopted, but were developed automatically. That certain parts of the social codes represent logical deductions from mistaken premises is certain enough. Of these, when they once encounter the inevitable test upon life-conditions, some disappear and some are transformed to become socially useful, even though based upon error, and so they persist. Those persist long and universally which are adapted to what Spencer called the original external and original internal factors—natural environment and race-character. In the persistence and universality of the classification by age, etc., it is impossible not to see adjustment to such elemental factors. Presumably agreement between any two or more careful students of human society would go about this far. But now, when Mrs. Parsons heralds the entrance of personality into the field, as, perhaps, an alteration in the complex of original internal factors, the query naturally rises: Is it a new factor? And, if so, is it a strong enough solvent to do what is here expected of it? Can any such factor ever change the essential facts of age and sex, for example, and render obsolete the social habitudes which represent society's automatic adjustments, through ages of experience, to those facts? Perhaps the fellowship of kin, caste, and place may cease to command the exclusiveness they once had, though even that is debatable as a forecast. It is granted that there is some fetishism in all these fellowships and exclusions now. If there were a great deal, or if the religious or superstitious element entered much into what there is, it might give the critic more to pause over. But there is plenty of reason, and scientific reason, too, to believe that the classifications by age and sex, if no others, have been both primordial and also persistent, just because they have corresponded to the sort of inevitable distinctions upon which durable classifications are wont to rest.

Mr. William Ellery Leonard, who, besides his original poetry, has published an excellent verse translation of Empedocles, has now brought out a little book called "Socrates, Master of Life" (Open Court Pub. Co.; 1). The monograph, he tells us, was written some time ago, and it must be admitted that the style here and there seems to betray a certain immaturity, or at least uncertainty, of touch. But there is life in the narrative and descriptive parts, and the book may be heartily commended to those who desire to know about Socrates and his mission, without going into metaphysical or pedantical treatises. Mr. Leonard fails, we think, to show adequately the cleavage between Socrates and the Sophists, and there is surely something more to be said in regard to the *daimonion* than to class it "also among the tropes." Philosophically Mr. Leonard is at his best when dealing with the Socratic identification of knowledge with virtue. To this vexed question he brings a common sense as refreshing as it is illuminating.

In evidence that bitter warfare has not quenched in the Teutonic allies the love of pure and generous scholarship we may cite the eleventh edition of Zupitza's well-known "Alt- und Mittelenglisches Uebungsbuch"; (Wien-Leipzig: Braumüller). After the death of the original editor, Zupitza, each successive edition, beginning with the fifth, in 1897, has been conducted by Schipper, head of the English department in the University of Vienna. And now Schipper himself has passed away at a ripe old age. The preface of this eleventh edition, signed by him, is dated Vienna, middle of January, 1915; a sub-preface, signed by his coadjutors, Brotanek and Eichler, speaks of his death soon after. Of the merits of the "Uebungsbuch" in general, it is scarcely needful to speak now; any work that can hold its own through eleven editions between 1874 and 1915 is beyond cavil. Of this latest edition, however, we would say a few words. Apart from fourteen pages of prefatory matter, the book offers 207 pages of text and 174 pages of glossary. The selections have not been changed since the ninth edition, 1910; but the glossary has been entirely recast. It is now in design and execution a model; not only does it enter every word, with adequate definitions and references to the texts, but it multiplies cross-references exhaustively. What that implies for Middle English can be appreciated only by one who has essayed to teach our language in its reconstructive period between the Conquest and the rise of Tudor English; the spelling of each writer and each writing is a law unto itself. Even the best of us are often puzzled to recognize an old acquaintance in uncouth garb. The texts are in the main well chosen to represent the language in its dialectic varieties from the seventh century (Epinal Glossary and Cædmon's hymn, Northumbrian form) to the threshold of the Tudor period (William Dunbar). We could have wished a more generous allotment to Chaucer, though probably Schipper assumed that Chaucer ran no risk of neglect, and "Piers the Plowman" is conspicuous in its absence. Nevertheless the work as it stands will give both teacher and student the means of accurately surveying both literature and language for nearly eight hundred years. Proof-reading, paper, and press-work are admirable. The few slight errors that we have detected are insignificant in comparison with the extraordinary accuracy of the book as a whole. Schipper in his preface alludes to the difficulties which the war occasioned in preparing the glossary; we assure the "Styria" printing office and every one connected with the work that the difficulties have been overcome most nobly. Well bound, on good paper, attractive, scrupulously accurate in every detail, the book is a pleasure to eye and hand. And all for the modest price of nine marks!

In the Human Personality series now appears "Anglo-Saxon Supremacy; or, Race Contributions to Civilization," by J. L. Brandt (Badger; $1.25 net). We are told of the author that he is also a traveller, lecturer, and evangelist, and that "many popular books on religious thought are to his credit." The reviewer finds himself wondering whether volumes of this order, or E. P. Roe's novels, can still be popular. There is here a stock of "information" of a not too profound or trying variety, seasoned with more than a dash of pious exhortation, and leading pleasantly along to the conclusion that we are the people. "The Anglo-Saxons," we are told, "have produced in their civilization the organization of the Orientals, the ethics of the Hebrews, the individualism of the Greeks, the law of the Romans, and the liberty of the Teutons." That is a strong combination. Can a people possessing it ever be supplanted in their supremacy? "I think not," the oracle reassures us, "because they possess the essential principles of civilization to give them permanency. Principles that the civilizations of the past did not possess. They have intrenched on the Lord's side. They have the truth, and so long as they let it shine they will never outgrow it. They have founded their civilization on the principles of righteousness and brotherly love as taught in the Bible, and the heavens may pass away but the word of God shall abide, and if these people continue on the firm foundation they shall never be moved." "Doocid lucid! Doocid convincin'!" replies the German, Frenchman, Italian, Turk, and the rest, each in his own jargon.

Those who wish to become acquainted with the teachings of Confucius without delving into the Sacred Books of the East and other forbidding volumes will find what they are looking for in Mr. Miles Menander Dawson's "The Ethics of Confucius" (Putnam: $1.50 net). Mr. Dawson has gone through the various books which Confucius edited or wrote, and some of the works of his disciples, and, selecting from these the more important ethical passages and teachings, has arranged them topically, so that the reader can easily turn up any one of various themes and see at once what Confucius had to say about it. The chapter headings and subdivisions within the chapters noted in the table of contents are such as to facilitate very greatly the use of the volume as a reference book, and it is not likely that many will care to use it in any other way. A few pages of Confucius at a

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time are a plenty. And this not because of any difficulty in exposition, but because the exhortations of the sage are usually as dull as they are wise. An additional interest would be given to the volume if Mr. Dawson had tried to formulate for us some general principle at the bottom of Confucius's many admirable rules. Possibly, the principle of loyalty might have served for this purpose; certainly the philosophy of loyalty has nowhere else received so detailed an application as in the teachings of China's great sage. But perhaps as an epitome of Confucius's moral maxims we need nothing further than one of the sentences in Mr. Wu Ting-Fang's Foreword: "Not yet has the world, sagacious as it is, appreciated the wealth of gentleness, the profound forces for good, the uplifting influences, embodied in the teachings of the ancient sage whose aim, reduced to its simplest definition, was to show 'how to get through life like a courteous gentleman.'"

Perhaps the most striking thing about Alfred Loisy's "The War and Religion" (Longmans) is the contrast which it unwittingly points out between the French and the American views of what constitutes Christianity. It is M. Loisy's thesis that Christianity has little to offer the world of to-day, whether in war or in peace. For "Christianity is not founded upon the notion of humanity, but upon the transcendental and unverifiable notion of a plan of eternal salvation devised by the Master of the Universe for those whom he has willed to choose. . . . Christianity is a religion of the elect; its God has his predestined ones; it is said that he left the nations formerly to pursue their own courses, and he has not made an end yet to his negligence; he is reputed to govern the world and to mould history for the benefit of an exceedingly small number of persons, whom he will drench with felicity in a better world." That such a religion cannot give us the solution of our problems it is not difficult for the learned modernist to prove. In its place he points to the hope of a more generous and more genuinely human feeling, an enthusiasm for all humanity and a love of universal justice—an attitude of mind which in his opinion would be a new religion, but which we in this country are in the habit of considering the very essence of Christianity. It is probable that most of M. Loisy's American readers will agree with him in his hopeless attitude towards an outgrown theology, just as they will heartily concur in his masterly criticism of the Pope's politic neutrality; but they will hardly follow him in his conclusion that Christianity is helpless.

The death of Henry James, after an illness of several months, was announced in London on Monday night. He died at his residence in Chelsea, 21 Carlyle Mansions. Born in New York on April 15, 1843, the son of a distinguished father well known as a Swedenborgian philosopher and gifted essayist, Henry James was educated abroad, at private schools in Geneva, Paris, and Boulogne. After a course at the University of Bonn he returned to America and entered the Harvard Law School, being admitted, after graduation, to the bar of Massachusetts. He never seriously pursued the legal profession, for letters claimed him from the first. To the first number of the *Nation*, in 1865, father and son both contributed papers, the latter being at the time barely twenty-two years of age. Thereafter for a considerable time he was a frequent and valued contributor to these columns, writing critical papers on literary topics. After an interval of many years he renewed old and pleasant associations with a reminiscent contribution to the *Nation's* Jubilee number in July last year. It was in 1869 that Henry James went to England, there definitely to establish himself, and two years later appeared his first volume, "Watch and Ward." In 1875 came "A Passionate Pilgrim," and this was followed in quick succession by "Roderick Hudson," "Transatlantic Sketches," "French Poets and Novelists," "The Europeans," and "Daisy Miller." The last named, satirizing, with more truth than was comfortable, his fellow-countrymen, aroused a storm of criticism, but Henry James, having found his *métier* of international novelist, went serenely on his way, interpreting America to Europe and—which was perhaps more important still—Europe to America.

We can only give here a list of the more important works of that enormously productive pen, revealing progressively the development of the curiously compressed and synthetic style which, often tortuous to the point of crypticism, represented a deliberate effort to reflect in language every *nuance* of thought coincident with the expressed idea. The following are among his published works: "An International Episode," "A Life of Hawthorne," "A Bundle of Letters," "Confidence," "The Diary of a Man of Fifty," "Washington Square," "The Portrait of a Lady," "The Siege of London," "Portraits of Places," "Tales of Three Cities," "A Little Tour of France," "The Author of Beltraffio," "Princess Cassimassima," "The Bostonians," "Partial Portraits," "The Aspern Papers," "The Reverberation," "A London Life," "The Tragic Muse." The last appeared in 1890, and productivity was not resumed until six years later, when it continued uninterrupted until the final autobiographical and biographical "Notes of a Son and Brother" in 1914. Other works of these years are: "The Spoils of Poynton," "What Maisie Knew," "In the Cage," "The Two Magics," "The Awkward Age," "The Soft Side," "The Sacred Fount," "The Wings of the Dove," "The Ambassadors," "The Better Sort," "The Golden Bowl," "The Question of Our Speech," "The Lesson of Balzac," "English Hours," "The American Scene," "Italian Hours," "Julia Bride," "The High Bid," "Finer Grain," "The Outcry," "Small Boys and Others." A play, "Guy Domville," was produced with considerable success by George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre in 1895.

When the war broke out Mr. James found himself heart and soul on the side of the land of his residence of many years, and of France, which he deeply loved. So keenly did he feel the right of the cause for which England and her allies were fighting that on July 26, last year, he took the step which should, in the sight of all men, identify him with that cause, renounced his American citizenship and became a British subject. England's appreciation of what that act implied, as well as of his distinction as a man of letters, was shown when, in the Birthday Honors of this year, he was invested with the dignity of the Order of Merit, a distinction which he shared with only ten civilian members, among whom are such names as those of Lord Morley, Lord Bryce, Thomas Hardy, and Sir George Otto Trevelyan.

Drama

VERHAEREN'S MASTERPIECE.

The Cloister. By Emile Verhaeren. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents.

In making this notably capable and appreciative translation of Emile Verhaeren's remarkable play, "The Cloister," Mr. Osman Edwards has performed a great service to all those persons who, for one reason or another, are unable to read it in the original. He has succeeded in reflecting not only its keenness of spiritual and intellectual analysis and remarkable—in view of the comparative lack of external action—dramatic interest, but, in a considerable measure, its poetic beauty and imagination. First published in 1900, this tragedy long ago achieved an international reputation. It has been acted, to the delight of special and critical audiences, in Brussels, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Manchester, and London. The full significance of its pregnant dialogue would scarcely be grasped by the ordinary miscellaneous theatrical assemblage. On the surface, a study of the remorseful agonies of a parricide and the consequences of his confession in the monastery, of which he was commonly regarded as the future Prior, it is really a veiled but none the less reasoned and resolute attack upon the principles and practice of a feudal and autocratic clericalism, and deals poignantly and acutely with many vital points, wherein the simplicities of early Christian faith have been confounded by the accumulations of scholastic dogma. Primarily, of course, the assaults concern the Roman Catholic communion more directly than any other, but the play is so broadly human that its moral is of very general application.

With questions of faith, or niceties of theological dogma, this review has nothing to do. But here is a very great drama, logical, realistic, imaginative, eloquent, enthralling. It is full of action and moving crises, but these are denoted, for the most part, not in movement or incident, but in the spoken words revealing the character and motives of the contending personages, as each plays his part in creating the conditions which lead to the final catastrophe. The theme may be thus epitomized for the benefit of those unfamiliar with it: The Prior of the Monastery is old and knows that intrigues for his Crozier are rife in the brotherhood. He, an inflexible champion of the Church's supreme and exclusive authority and saturated with the feudal spirit, wishes Dom Balthazar, a scion of the old nobility, eminent among his associates for ecstatic devotion, to be his successor, discerning in him a man of his own masterful mould. He sees no bar in the fact that, in his wild youth, Balthazar murdered his father in atrocious circumstances and permitted an innocent man to be executed in his place, holding that his crime has been expiated by penance and penitence and nullified by absolution. But Balthazar,

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tortured by conscience and perplexed by doctrinal theories, insists, against the Prior's advice and opinion, upon making confession before the full brotherhood, inspired thereto by the counsel and example of the saintly Dom Mark, and partly by the goading of Father Thomas, also an aspirant to the Priorate, who has told him that his assumed humility is nothing but pride. The confession is made, in a scene of remarkable power, subtlety, and eloquence, and stirs a majority of the monks, chiefly supporters of Father Thomas, to open revolt, which is only quelled by the peremptory, autocratic interference of the Prior, who pronounces Balthazar a martyr and a shining light for all of them, and closes the proceedings by reminding the rebels of their vows of blind obedience to his will.

Then Mark, in profound love and pity, tells Balthazar that to win salvation he must avow his guilt publicly and endure the consequences. Balthazar, to whom the Prior's assurances have never brought peace or comfort, joyfully assents, and—in another scene of extraordinary eloquence and emotional power—seizes his opportunity to proclaim his identity and crime before the congregation at the public mass, in spite of the efforts of the Prior to silence him. The action now becomes intensely dramatic in the ordinary sense of the word. The old prelate, in a transport of rage over the inevitable scandal, and the violation of his precepts and authority, assails the cowering penitent with terrible invective and finally orders him to be cast without the sacred walls. In tacit acknowledgment of the blow to his prestige, he intimates his choice of Father Thomas, his most conspicuous and distrusted rival, as his only possible successor.

This skeleton outline suggests the nature but little of the spiritual and social significances, and nothing of the psychological insight, dramatic vigor, and literary brilliance of this engrossing work of genius. Each character speaks and acts in accordance with a distinct and consistent individuality. Each represents some particular phase of intellectual, emotional, or ecclesiastical faith, and each, except Mark, who is modelled after a divine image, is eminently human. The Prior stands for ecclesiastical absolutism. Thomas, the scholar and ambitious diplomatist, typifies the modern spirit of compromise and opportunism. Militien is conscientious and static timidity. Idesbald is unsentimental common-sense; Balthazar, a sincere penitent, who comes to believe that eternal pardon can only be assured by full atonement. Wonderful is the skill with which these various impulses are woven into a compact dramatic structure. Balthazar is the centre of interest, but in his fate and spiritual experience are involved many momentous questions, including that of the true relationship of Church and State. J. Ranken Towse.

The Oxford University Press announces the forthcoming publication of "The England of Shakespeare," compiled from materials collected by Sir Sidney Lee and others, and issued under the general editorship of C. T. Onions.

Prof. Brander Matthews's "Shakespere as a Playwright" and "Molière" will be published this month in the University Edition of Scribners.

Music

MAHLER, PADEREWSKI, AND GRANADOS.

Is Gustav Mahler coming to the fore? There are not a few in Austria and Germany who consider him a greater composer than Richard Strauss, but his works have not had much vogue. As a conductor he had few equals. Patrons of the New York Philharmonic concerts had never heard such authoritative and moving renderings of Beethoven's symphonies, in particular, as he gave them. He made the funeral march in the "Eroica" as thrilling as Anton Seidl made Siegfried's death in "Götterdämmerung," and he made these oft-played works seem like new. In the matter of playing his own compositions, he was as modest as Paderewski. Among the few of them he produced during his sojourn in New York was his fourth symphony. This was brought forward again last week by the same orchestra, which, under Josef Stransky, gave it as glowing an interpretation as it had received under Mahler himself. His eighth symphony will be played here on April 9, at the Metropolitan Opera House, by the Philadelphia Orchestra. Philadelphia will hear it to-morrow, as well as on Saturday and Sunday, and the production is referred to by the *Inquirer* as "the most talked-of, the most heralded musical performance that Philadelphia has ever witnessed." The cost of giving these three performances in that city alone is estimated as $15,000, due to the fact that the symphony calls for not only an orchestra augmented to 110 players, but a chorus of nearly a thousand singers and eight soloists. Thus Mahler's eighth outdoes Beethoven's ninth in its demands; how it compares with that master's masterwork we shall see in April.

Of the eight Mahler symphonies, the fourth is played most frequently, yet five years elapsed between its performance here under Mahler himself and that given by Stransky. Were it not for its excessive length and the dulness of the second movement, it would doubtless become a favorite, for there is much in it that is beautiful and much that is piquant. Its simple Viennese tunes alternating with complex and bold dissonantal sections make it almost seem like an attempt to amalgamate Johann Strauss with Richard Strauss. In the first movement there are uncanny bars that sound quite Chinese. A few years ago it was rumored that a book on Mahler was being written by the chief apostle of Teutonic cacophony, Arnold Schönberg. He worshipped Mahler, who, in return, vouched for Schönberg's harmonic respectability. Concerning R. Strauss, Mahler once said: "No one should think that I hold myself his rival. Aside from the fact that, if his success had not opened a path for me, I should now be looked on as a sort of monster on account of my works, I should consider it one of my greatest joys that I and my colleagues have found such a comrade in fighting and creating."

An odd trait of Mahler's was his attitude towards "programmes." Unlike his friend Strauss, he attached no descriptive titles to his symphonic works. In some cases he violently resented definite descriptions of poetic motives underlying his compositions. While in New York he stubbornly refused to assist the writer of the Philharmonic programmes with helpful suggestions concerning his works, and once, in an after-dinner speech in Munich, he remarked excitedly: "Away with programme books, which breed false ideas! The audience should be left to its own thoughts over the work that is being played; it should not be forced to read during the performance; it should not be prejudiced in any manner. If a composer by his music forces on his hearers the sensations which streamed through his mind, then he reaches his goal. The speech of tones has then approached the language of words, but it is far more capable of expression and declaration." And with these words he raised his glass and emptied it with "Pereat den Programmen!"

Yet the music of his symphonies often calls for a "programme," and in several of them he introduced vocal parts which supply the needful hints. Thus, the fourth has in its last movement a soprano solo on a quaint poem from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," which in English prose reads as follows:

We delight in heavenly pleasures, free from all that is earth-bound. No worldly turmoil reaches Heaven, all live in peaceful rest. We lead the life of the Angels, and therein find great delight. We dance and sing, we leap and sing, Saint Peter in Heaven looks on! St. John leads out the lamb, the butcher Herod permits it—we lead a patient, innocent lamb to death. St. Luke slays the ox without compunction—the wine costs nothing—from the Heavenly cellar, and Angels bake the bread! All sorts of good salads that grow in heavenly gardens, good asparagus, artichokes, and what we will—large platefuls are ready prepared! Good apples, good pears, and good grapes—the gardeners allow all to be taken—would you have venison and hares, they come to you in the open streets. Such a feast day has come—all the fishes swim to it with joy! There runs St. Peter with net and hooks to the heavenly mansions—St. Martha must be the cook! No such music is there on earth—naught can with it compare—eleven thousand young maidens are dancing around, St. Ursula herself laughs at them! Cecilia and her kin folk are the splendid court musicians—angelic voices make merry the senses which all awake for joy.

At the same Philharmonic concert at which this programmatic symphony was revived Ernest Schelling played Paderewski's "Polish Fantasia," which exhibits this pian-

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ist-composer at the acme of his creative powers. Like Grieg's masterpieces, or many of Dvorák's and Grieg's, it is strongly nationalistic, yet still more emphaticaly individual. Its themes are as original as they are virile; their elaboration gives evidence of the highest craftsmanship, and the orchestration is varied and glowing. Paderewski's compositions have not yet had their day, but it will come. As a pianist he still rules supreme; he has already played here in public three times this season, and six more appearances are announced for this month. As a rule, pianists are afraid to play his music—or the rhapsodies of Liszt—because he does them so much better than any one else can. He could hardly, however, have surpassed in brilliancy and swing the superb performance of his "Polish Fantasia" by Ernest Schelling. Mr. Schelling's recitals, this season, and his appearances with the Boston Symphony, the New York Philharmonic, and other orchestras, have placed him indubitably on a pedestal as America's chief pianist. He has also done wonders in helping to make Spain's greatest composer and pianist, Enrique Granados, popular in America, by playing his piano pieces and engineering the première of his opera, "Goyescas," at the Metropolitan. Despite an inferior performance under a conductor who has no conception of Spanish *tempi* and *esprit*, it has already had four performances to crowded audiences, and in consequence of its success Granados has been invited to produce it at Los Angeles and in Buenos Aires, while Cuba is trying to procure him for a concert tour. A poor man hitherto, he will return to Barcelona enriched by royalties, including those from the making of records for machines, some of which have been, within a year or two, so much improved that they really deserve to be called musical.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

THE ART OF EXCAVATION.

Archæological Excavation. By J. P. Droop. Cambridge University Press. 4s. net.

There is no part of archæology that has appealed so strongly to the popular imagination as the art of excavating. To have the past reveal itself before one's very eyes, and to be instrumental in supplying the world with more knowledge about itself, has seemed to many an adventure worth having and a cause worthy of service. Unfortunately, though the adventurous spirit has probably often been satisfied, the cause has not always fared so well. Indeed, there are few things from which our potential knowledge of the past has suffered so much as from indiscriminate excavating. Happily, however, those days are nearly over, and the work done now is carried on in a much more scientific spirit.

The time was ripe for a book setting forth the principles on which excavations are now conducted, with instructions of what to do and what to avoid. Mr. Droop's excellent little volume will, therefore, meet with a warm welcome. He is a former student of the British School at Athens, which has some of the best excavations of recent date to its credit, and both as a member of that school and on his own account he has had a good deal of experience. He also has the gift of presenting his knowledge in a lucid and attractive way, so that his book, besides being instructive, is delightful reading. It will interest both the general public, to whom it will give a good idea of the manifold requirements made by work of this kind, and the would-be excavators, who will obtain from it much valuable information. Probably it will also act as a deterrent to those to whom the results of such work appeal, but who do not realize the infinite patience that it demands and the tremendous responsibility involved. For it is not enough to unearth the records of the past; they have to tell their full story, and that they can only do if all details of the circumstances in which they were found are preserved. As Mr. Droop picturesquely puts it: "The archæologist's general aim on approaching a new site should be to draw from it all the knowledge that he can, to unearth as complete a skeleton as possible of the history of that particular spot during the period when it was a human habitation. Unless that period belongs to times when men wrote what can now be read, he can hardly hope to uncover perfect history, but the more complete the dry bones that he lays bare the better the chance that they will rise again as history when imagination shall have prophesied to them." It is, indeed, this combination of great patience in gathering his material and the gift of imagination in constructing from such data a picture of the past that is needed for the profession of archæology. Patience without imagination would bring forth only dry bones, while imagination without patient research would result in a work of fiction.

But Mr. Droop does not confine himself to generalities. He gives specific information on such important subjects as stratified digging, trial trenches, dumping, the preservation of fragile objects, the keeping of notes, and site-choosing. An excellent chapter is that dealing with the qualifications of the excavator, which are many and which comprise a knowledge of archæology, chemistry, photography, drawing, anthropology, and civil engineering, besides good judgment, patience, and tact. Mr. Droop, however, is not extravagant; where only a little knowledge is required he does not claim for his hero more than is necessary.

It is a pity that a book written in so charming a spirit should end with an epilogue such as Mr. Droop has given it. In it he discusses in a rather sarcastic vein the question of the advisability of men and women excavating together and votes against a "mixed dig." We do not doubt that Mr. Droop's own experience—which is well known in archæological circles—has been unfortunate. But it is, of course, a hasty generalization to condemn the whole idea after one experiment. If Mr. Droop wants to prevent women students from sharing with the men the valuable training of excavating under the experienced director of their school, he is manifestly unfair; and he must be quite unconscious of the impression made on the reader when he begins his book with a gracious dedication to his former director, Mr. R. M. Dawkins, "all sagacious in our art, breeder in me of what poor skill I boast"; and ends it trying to keep his fellow-students from sharing with him the same high privilege.

Finance

WAR NEWS AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE

War news has this week unquestionably found reflection on our own Stock Exchange—more emphatic, indeed, than the response it evoked on the French or English markets, where the movement of prices gave only a hint at the supremely important issue which hung in the balance at Verdun. That the New York market should have risen and fallen with the alternating reports of German or French successes in the battle was in this respect peculiarly interesting—that the judgment of our stock exchanges on the important military events has been difficult to detect. The stock market made no visible response to the Austro-German victories in the Balkans. It was impossible to prove that it was influenced in any way by the fall of Erzerum.

In these two episodes, it might be argued that the Stock Exchange assumed instinctively what the world at large has more gradually come to believe, that neither the defeat of Servia nor the surrender of the Turkish fortress in Armenia was an event of commanding significance to the larger problems of the war. When the furious German assault on Verdun began, every one recognized that a battle big with immediate and far-reaching possibilities was being fought. Wall Street, in common with the rest of the community, found the strongest possible reminder, on the one hand, of those bewildering days in August, 1914, when the German army was moving into Belgium, and, on the other, of that period of prolonged uncertainty, nervous apprehension, and contradictory dispatches which for nearly a week left the world in suspense as to how the Battle of the Marne had actually resulted.

The Stock Exchange was closed on both of those memorable occasions, and it is therefore purely a matter of conjecture and inference how prices would have moved. But the action of two important markets which had continued to do business—the market for wheat and foreign exchange—was such as distinctly to reflect the finan-

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cial community's feeling. Wheat had risen violently during the German advance through Belgium into France, on the evident presumption that a long war was foreshadowed; it declined as rapidly after the Battle of the Marne. European exchange rates moved to a panic height against New York in the six weeks of the uninterrupted German rush towards Paris; they gave way instantly when the retreat to the Aisne began. All this was accepted then, and has been accepted since, not as expressing the market's sympathy with one side or the other, but as voicing the financial community's firmly grounded belief that any important German victory was bound to prolong the war.

The same basis of judgment seemed to have its part in the Stock Exchange's action on the news from Verdun. Declining in a bewildered and uncertain way on Saturday, when the character of the German demonstration began to be perceived, the market opened Monday in the face of dispatches reporting German success, and prices fell ½ to 1 point on the first transactions. Dispatches which threw uncertainty on the earlier news caused quick recovery, which in turn was followed by a renewed and heavy break. But on Tuesday, when the news showed the French line still to be holding, prices moved sharply upward. The whole course of the market accurately reflected the confusion of judgment, the alternate adoption of one hypothesis and its opposite, which marked the week's discussions of the community at large in regard to the struggle on the western battle-front.

With even more emphasis, the stock market of a few days before had moved in response to the news from Washington. A very sharp break last Thursday followed the morning newspaper reports of a revolt in Congress against the President's refusal to accept as it stood the German warning to keep American citizens away from passenger steamers of belligerent nationality carrying defensive arms. This action of the market was in spite of the assertion of the insurgent Congressmen that their policy made for peace and the President's for war. The equally sharp recovery in stocks on Friday followed publication of the President's answer to Congress that the new German and Austrian submarine order was "manifestly inconsistent with explicit assurances recently given us by those Powers with regard to their treatment of merchant vessels on the high seas," that no nation has the right to alter during a war the principles previously agreed upon by all nations, and that "the honor and self-respect of the nation is involved" in not consenting "to any abridgment of the rights of American citizens."

These two responses by the market naturally raised the question, whether they reflected the Stock Exchange's attitude towards war itself, and, if so, in what way they reflected it. The course of the stock market, when war between ourselves and Germany seemed imminent after the sinking of the Lusitania, last May, certainly indicated acute apprehension of the financial conditions which would follow the breach with Germany. What is then to be said of this later action?

Various people would probably give various answers. Wall Street, taken as a whole, would almost certainly reply that surrender to the German Foreign Office, on an issue so plain as this, would foreshadow even graver difficulties when the German Government perceived the extent to which the United States had allowed itself to be browbeaten on this occasion. To what extent the Stock Exchange, on such an assumption, judged the question rightly, perhaps still remains to be determined.

Ever since 1845, the London *Economist* has compiled and published a monthly or yearly "index number" of average commodity prices in England at the end of given months and years. It has been calculated by adding the wholesale prices, current on the Manchester or London market, for forty-seven typical commodities, the same commodities being used throughout. In its issue of February 5, the *Economist* announces editorially that all records were broken at the end of January; that "our index number this month [which was 3,840] is the most sensational record in the whole history of modern prices."

This suggests some interesting comparisons, which the *Economist* itself does not make, but which may be obtained from old files of that publication. The previous high level, an index number of 3,787, was reached in 1864; it had risen from 2,727 in the three years since our Civil War began. The end-of-January average this year was 3,840, as against 3,634 at the end of December, 3,003 at the end of January, 1915, and 2,565 when the European war began. The low record of the *Economist* index was the 1,885 of July, 1897.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Benson, E. F. The Oakleyites. Doran. $1.35 net.
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